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AUGUST 1946

The American Mercury

THE MYTH OF PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE *Bernard Seeman*

NOTES OF A NOVICE SENATOR *Leverett Saltonstall*

STORM IN THE RADIO WORLD *Charles A. Siepmann*

SOME HORSES I HAVE KNOWN *W. A. S. Douglas*



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ROBERT E. HANNEGAN

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME
LXIII

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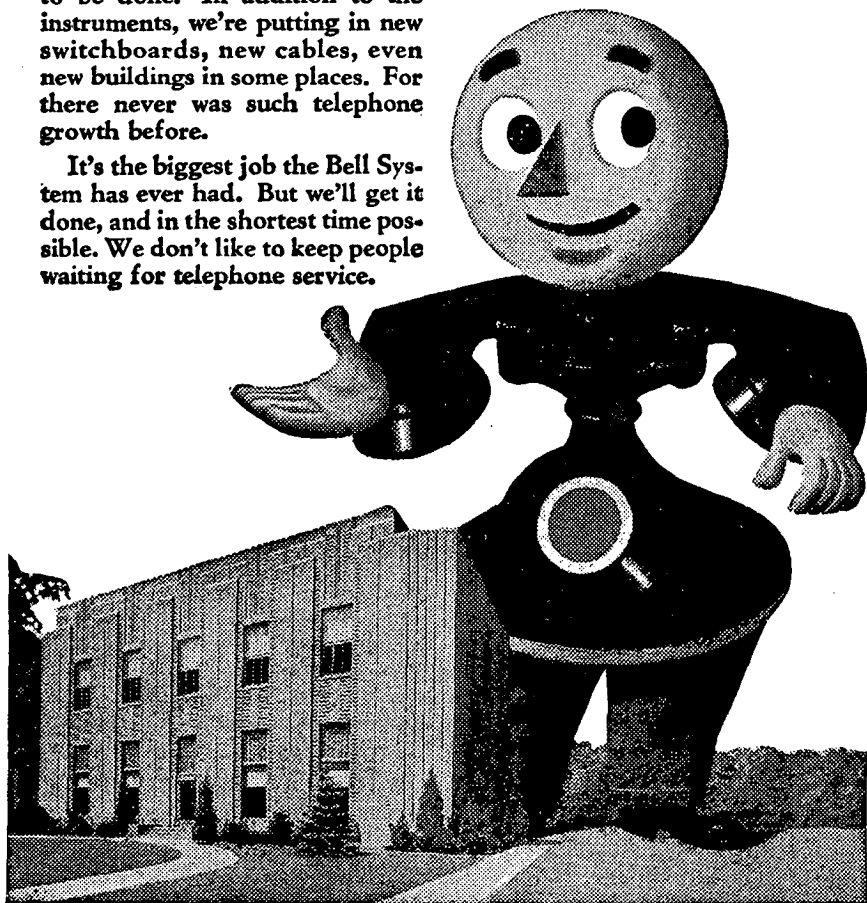
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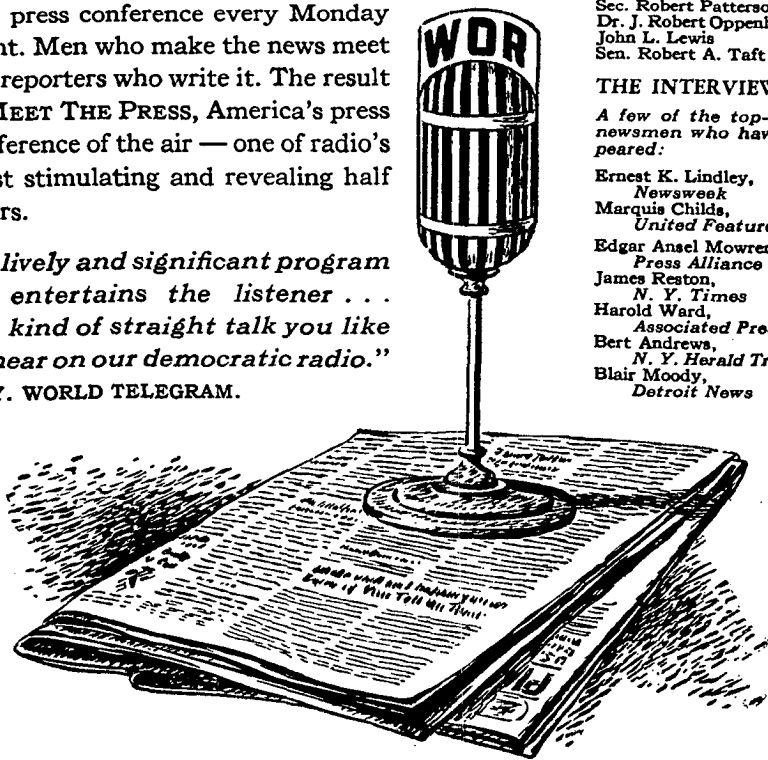
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THE INTERVIEWERS

A few of the top-flight newsmen who have appeared:

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Newsweek
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United Features
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The American MERCURY

ROBERT E. HANNEGAN

BY FRED RODELL

SOME shrewd historian in days to come, telling of the decline and débâcle of the Truman Administration, will center his story around the swiftly switched appraisal of one man by his political contemporaries. That man will not be Harry Truman, though he has deflated himself in the course of a year from a hero to a joke and, worse, the butt of jokes. It will be instead the former professional football player and ward politician who today is Postmaster General of the United States and Chairman of the Democratic National Committee — the hulking, handsome, black-haired, cleft-chinned, lace-curtain-Irishman from St. Louis who made Harry Truman President — Robert Emmet Hannegan.

For Hannegan's reputation, in thoughtful political circles, has gone

up just as fast and as far as Truman's has gone down. Most reputations in politics are relative affairs; a man looks good or bad compared to the men around him. And it is strikingly symbolic of the complete collapse of an Administration that the same Bob Hannegan looks as good in the summer of 1946 as he looked sour and sinister in the spring of 1945.

Then, Roosevelt had just died; Truman, appealingly humble but frighteningly unsophisticated about national and world affairs, had taken over; it was widely assumed that the big show was really going to be run — major appointments, matters of policy and all — by the fellow-Missourian who had helped Truman to his every political victory since he was first elected to the Senate back in 1934. And who *was* this Hannegan?

FRED RODELL, *professor of law at Yale, is the author of three books, a former editor of Fortune, and a contributing editor of the Progressive.*

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He was known as a politician in the deprecatory sense of the word, with all its undertones of corruption and dirty deals and smoke-filled rooms. A Johnny-come-lately to the Washington scene, he had bounced into the Democratic national chairmanship in January, 1944, barely three months after he first left his home bailiwick on the banks of the Mississippi. True, he had captained the Fourth Term campaign, but any lightweight — or so it was said — could have won with F.D.R. as standard-bearer; moreover, Roosevelt had conspicuously failed to reward him with the customary plum of the postmaster generalship.

Some called him a second Jim Farley; the resemblance was there superficially: Hannegan too was a big, booming, handshaking party-faithful risen from the ranks — as well as an Irish-Catholic family man who never smoked or drank hard liquor. But there was one big difference. No one, not even an enemy, had ever been able to tar Jim Farley with so much as a touch of political dishonesty or fraud.

By contrast, Bob Hannegan's past record gave off a distinctly rancid odor. In the 1936 mayoralty election in St. Louis, he had been somewhere between the center and the edges of a bit of ballot-box stuffing that later resulted in the ousting of the city's whole election board — and this by a Democratic governor. In 1940, when his candidate for the Missouri governorship had been licked by a few

thousand votes, he had at least been on the scene while the Democratic legislature tried to steal back the job through the medium of a loaded and later discredited "investigation." Because of these two scandals and other minor matters, the whole St. Louis press had howled in anguished unison when Hannegan, in 1942, was appointed the local collector of internal revenue — with the *Globe-Democrat* dubbing him "the most discredited boss of a discredited political machine."

Nor had Hannegan's shenanigans stopped when he left St. Louis. Insiders were well aware that, in his desperate anxiety to win for Truman the vice-presidential nomination at Chicago in 1944, Hannegan had gone so far as to edit F.D.R.'s famous note approving a new running-mate, so that it read "Harry Truman or Bill Douglas" — instead of "Bill Douglas or Harry Truman," as it was originally written. Hannegan, doubling in brass as boss of the convention and as Truman's unofficial campaign manager, had simply been taking no chances — even to the extent of deliberately distorting a message from the President of the United States.

This, then, was the man who in April, 1945, seemed destined to become the behind-the-scenes boss of the national government. Small wonder that New Deal Washington freely predicted a "Missouri Gang" — not in the present sense of folksy futility, but with all the corrupt connotations of Warren Harding's old "Ohio

Gang." Small wonder that reports of Hannegan demanding for himself the attorney generalship sent liberals scurrying to the White House to beg the new President at least not to turn over the government's top law-enforcement post to a run-of-the-pack politician with a record that would not stand inspection. Even when it developed that the postmaster generalship was all Hannegan was to get officially, good government advocates foresaw an unofficial Machiavelli and grimly awaited the worst.

That was little more than a year ago. Today the picture is in stark and paradoxical contrast. Today, when the same folk who once bemoaned Hannegan want to block a reactionary appointment or urge a liberal one, the one man they can count on to carry their case to the White House is Hannegan. It is Hannegan who, almost alone among high Administration figures, has openly urged the CIO's Political Action Committee to invade the South and try to break the death-grip of the Tories, whom he has publicly blasted as "dissident Democrats" for their stubborn opposition to liberal measures. It is Hannegan who pleads with the President not to risk by vengeful action his tie with labor, no matter how strong or recurrent the provocation may be. He has suddenly become something akin to a hero in the once-sneering left-wing press. And progressive forces throughout the nation, fearful that Rooseveltian reforms are doomed to death or desuetude by a

mounting wave of reaction, have found in Hannegan a sort of Horatius at the White House bridge.

The reason is sad and simple. It is that Harry Truman has managed to surround himself with a crew of intimate advisers as inept, uninformed, closed-minded and pettily self-seeking as only his worst enemy could have wished on him. From ledger-brained, banker-bound John Snyder through Vardaman and Vaughan and unsuspectingly sly George Allen — a trio whose chief claim to fame or statesmanship lies in their flair for remembering and retelling smoking-room stories — the White House inner circle is of a rank that would ruin even a great President. And it is by contrast to this ineffable coterie that Bob Hannegan begins to look like a genius and a god.

For Hannegan himself has not changed. He was a hardheaded politician a year ago and as such he was damned and feared. He is a hardheaded politician still. As a hardheaded politician he knows several things: he knows that the Democratic party, thanks largely to Harry Truman, is on terribly shaky ground for 1946 and 1948; he knows that the South need not be worried about, since any white Protestant can win a Democratic majority anywhere in the South; he knows that *national* Democratic majorities over the past fourteen years have hinged on liberal and labor support in the East and North and West. He wants to keep those national majorities Democratic.

There is nothing even remotely ideological about Hannegan's present championship of the political left. If he thinks about labor at all — which is highly doubtful except on a vote-getting level — he may conceivably be personally as anti-union as Westbrook Pegler. If he were to read *PM* or the *Nation* or the *New Republic* — which he does not — he might privately wince at their recent bouquets. But ideas, *per se*, are irrelevant if not distasteful to single-minded Hannegan. Time and again he has described himself as "just a regular, 100 per cent organization, strictly partisan Democrat."

He always adds: "I'm a practical politician." He is.

II

One story has it that Hannegan is such an undeviating Democrat with a big D because the Republicans once demoted his father, a St. Louis policeman, from chief of detectives to a captaincy. But it is hard to imagine a city-born boy with a name like Hannegan being anything but a Democrat from birth. Hannegan has been one since 1903.

He went to public school in northwest St. Louis, making a name as a star athlete. Already big and husky enough at fourteen to pass for years older, he almost got into the Marines by lying about his age. Balked, he stayed in school right on through St. Louis University, where he won letters in football, baseball, track, basket-

ball and swimming, celebrated his twenty-first year by founding a student Democratic club and graduated with a law degree in 1925. While getting started in the law, he cashed in on his athletic ability by playing professional football and minor league baseball and by coaching football and swimming at St. Louis University. He also found time to marry his best girl from high-school days, Irma Protzmann.

Surprisingly slow at diving into active politics, and disinterested in elective office (he has never run for one), Hannegan moved fast and furiously once he had made the plunge. It was in 1933, when he was eight years out of college, that he was asked to take over as Democratic committeeman of his old home ward, the twenty-first. A few months later the twenty-first turned in a Democratic majority for the first time in years. Within a matter of weeks, the surprising newcomer was catapulted to the chairmanship of the city central committee and, as such, became co-boss with Mayor Dickmann of the entire St. Louis Democratic machine.

Hannegan's first big battle as a city boss must be wryly amusing to him in retrospect. Tom Pendergast's powerful Kansas City machine had dug up an unknown to run for the United States Senate in 1934. The St. Louis crowd, never too friendly with the Kansas City boys between general elections, bitterly opposed the Pendergast candidate in the primary

—and lost. The unknown who won was, of course, Harry S. Truman. Like loyal Democrats, the Hannegan-Dickmann machine turned around and supported Truman to the hilt in November, and Hannegan has been backing Truman ever since. It was the beginning of a fruitful friendship.

Hannegan lost his central committee job briefly in 1935 and was immediately hired as the paid lobbyist of the city of St. Louis at the state capital. The following year, he was back at the helm in St. Louis when the size of Mayor Dickmann's majority for re-election led to the discovery of wholesale fraud and the removal of the city election board by the governor. Hannegan has always protested complete personal innocence — on the ground that the boys were uninstructed and over-enthusiastic — but this explanation has never quite satisfied the St. Louis press.

By 1940, the Hannegan-Dickmann team was solidly in the saddle and riding roughshod over most opposition in the state as well as the city — for Boss Pendergast had run head-on into the federal income-tax laws and his Kansas City machine lay in pieces. It looked as though one sure victim of this publicized smash-up would be that Pendergast product, Harry Truman, who was up for re-election to the Senate and strongly opposed in the primary by popular Governor Stark. But Hannegan, by clever tactics and by underplaying his hand until the last minute, managed to squeeze out for his friend Truman a

St. Louis majority sufficient to offset a deficit in the rest of the state.

Truman went on to win in November but Hannegan was less successful with his hand-picked candidate for governor, who lost to a Republican by less than 4000 votes. It was then that a protest meeting, called by Hannegan, led — as he claims he did not intend — to a legislative resolution barring the governor-elect from office pending an "investigation." Democratic Governor Stark vetoed the resolution, excoriating the whole effort as a "shameless steal." But the legislature persisted until the Missouri Supreme Court, also Democratic, ordered the Republican inducted into office. Mayor Dickmann, seeking re-election a few weeks later, was snowed under in popular protest. Hannegan bowed out of the central committee chairmanship and went back to full-time practice of law. And there he might be today had not Harry Truman returned a favor to a friend.

It looked more like a gracious gesture than a favor when Truman, in 1942, proposed Hannegan for the collectorship of internal revenue for the eastern district of Missouri. The post carried a salary of \$6500 and Hannegan was making three or four times that much at the law. There is little doubt that he would have declined with thanks had not the St. Louis press learned of his potential nomination and let go with both barrels in premature protest. The *Post-Dispatch* called the very idea "an affront to thousands of citizens" and

the *Globe-Democrat* heaped editorial scorn on "a party henchman whose record is inextricably linked with the brazen attempt to steal the governorship of Missouri."

Then two things happened. Hannegan, his Irish up, made a melodramatic remark about never quitting under fire and decided to go for the job after all. And in Washington, friend Truman exploded with a public tribute and a public challenge: "Hannegan carried St. Louis three times for the President and for me. If he is not nominated, there will be no collector in St. Louis. I think I have enough friends in the Senate to see that no other person gets the job."

Hannegan got it.

III

To the amazement of most of St. Louis and the delight of Harry Truman, the discredited city boss treated his first public office as a public trust. No tax expert, he studied taxation at night school after long days at the office. Aware that tax-paying is an unpleasant business at best, he tried to keep insult from being added to injury by drilling and pep-talking his staff to be quick, efficient and, above all, polite. Here perhaps was the voter-pleasing streak in Hannegan coming usefully to the fore. At any rate, it paid off. He had been collecting federal taxes for little more than a year when Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau — no partisan of politicians — rated the St. Louis office the

best-run in the nation and recommended Hannegan's promotion to the newly vacant commissionership of internal revenue. In October, 1943, Hannegan headed for Washington and the big time.

During his three months as commissioner, Hannegan could do little more than initiate on a national scale the polite practices that had worked so well in St. Louis. He also managed to get around and meet the bigwigs of the party, most of whom liked his looks, his energy and his enthusiasm. One of these was the biggest wig of all, at the White House. It was Harry Truman — perhaps with a personal purpose, perhaps not — who asked F.D.R. to look Hannegan over as a possible party chairman. And it was Roosevelt's nod that got Hannegan the unanimous vote of the Democratic National Committee in January, 1944.

Hannegan took over an office that had deteriorated to the depths under Ed Flynn and Frank Walker. Its headquarters at the Mayflower Hotel were practically empty save for ancient publicity-man Charles Michelson and a thick coat of dust. Not only was the staff almost non-existent but files having to do with local chairmen, with patronage, with all the essential appendages of a going political organization, were out of date. Hannegan started rebuilding from the bottom; his ideal was the National Committee of Jim Farley's heyday; like Farley, he took to the road, covered the country, talked to precinct workers, heard their gripes,

promised better things and ceaselessly plugged the party. Once he was asked about non-partisan cooperation with the G.O.P. in time of war. "Let us invite the Republicans to help us at all times," replied Hannegan. "And let us work at all times to replace them with Democrats."

As the 1944 convention drew near and it was plain that Roosevelt would run again, the chief concern of most Democrats, Hannegan included, became the vice-presidency. Hannegan's candidate from way back was, of course, Truman. This was largely for personal reasons but partly, too, because he honestly believed Truman was the best man in the field — meaning the best from the angle of catching votes, the only criterion Hannegan knows.

The sequence of maneuvers by which Hannegan got what he wanted is a twice-told tale: how he insisted to F.D.R., with reports of what the boys in the back precincts were saying, that Wallace would weaken the ticket; how he wrung from Roosevelt an endorsement of Truman (although F.D.R. stuck to Douglas as first choice right down to the written note); how he used (and misused) the presidential note to line up lukewarm delegations behind Truman; how he cleared Truman with tricky "Clear-it-with-Sidney" Hillman, while Hillman's P.A.C. was still whooping it up for Wallace; how he got a night session quickly adjourned before voting could begin, when the session seemed headed for a Wallace stampede; and how he

led Truman, hot dog in hand, to the platform the following day to accept the nomination Hannegan had won for him.

Not so well known is the fact that one of Hannegan's biggest headaches was Truman himself. For Truman, just before the convention and even for a while after the convention started, was a frightened and reluctant bride. And it took all of Hannegan's tact and determination on several occasions to keep Truman from blurting out a firm and final "No."

How much Hannegan actually contributed to the Democratic victory in November is hard to assay. He worked for months like a ward-heeler on election eve. He was wise enough to welcome, as several less practical Democrats did not, the support of the P.A.C. — whose door-to-door method of getting out the vote struck in Hannegan a sympathetic chord. He knew the score well enough at the end to predict correctly how every state's electoral votes would go, save only one — Ohio. And he was clearly piqued when Roosevelt — for reasons of his own that may have included the distortion of the Douglas-Truman note — failed to appoint him to the fourth term cabinet.

But Hannegan — and most observers read this as a portent — was the first man named to the Truman cabinet when the man he had pushed to the vice-presidency succeeded to the White House. And though the Post Office Department is a sixteen-billion-dollar-a-year business,

and Hannegan had—and still has—some ideas about streamlining its service, its uniforms and its country post offices, most observers felt that the postmaster generalship was not slated to be the new postmaster general's most important job. They thought he would be the power behind the Truman throne.

The plain fact is that Hannegan, except for a very short while at the very beginning, has never been the power behind the Truman throne. Though he still has ready access to the President, his influence at the White House has almost steadily declined. Explanations of this seemingly strange phenomenon are various. It is said that George Allen, with his jokes and his crafty obsequiousness, quickly saw in Hannegan his worst rival for high presidential favor and effectively cut Hannegan's throat with a tale of allegedly improper financial activities on Hannegan's part. It is said that, since Truman obviously prefers the company of easy-going, loud-laughing cronies like Allen and Vardaman and Vaughan, the purposeful, high-pressure Hannegan strikes a jarring note in this cozy circle. It is said that Hannegan and Truman have never been intimate personal friends but only working political partners.

Any or all of these may be true, but a psychologist might perhaps explain things differently and a bit more deeply. He might remember that Truman directly owes every high office he has ever held to Hannegan. He might point out that the

normal human reaction to overwhelming indebtedness is not pure gratitude, as the storybooks would have it, but rather subconscious resentment. And he might guess that Harry Truman, whether he knows it or not, bears a festering resentment toward the man who made him what he is today—a resentment which may, moreover, be sharply intensified by the fact that Truman has not, as President, been too happy a man.

Whatever the reason, Hannegan for many months has not even rated as among Truman's close and most trusted advisers. The loss has been less Hannegan's than Truman's—and the nation's. For Hannegan's very hard-headedness, his realism, his political know-how, might well have saved the President from many of the egregious errors he has made and the crises he has let accumulate.

Bob Hannegan, who has never purported to be a political idealist, once said of himself: "If rewarding your friends, those who have helped you, is to be labeled spoils politics, then I'm a spoils politician." To which the then-Mayor La Guardia retorted: "Shame on you, Hannegan! In this day and age intelligent people do not talk that way."

But there are times when La Guardia's "intelligent people," the politically high-minded and idealistic, must turn to a tough operator like Hannegan for help. That is what is happening in Washington today, where progressive groups, practically barred from the White House them-

selves, are using Hannegan as their one occasional channel to the President's ear. And Hannegan is doing his fighting best as a "spoils politician" to reward these past friends and keep them friends in 1946 and 1948.

In so doing, he has not only rubbed the White House clique the wrong way and annoyed, by his very persistence, the President himself. He has also and deliberately incurred the wrath of the party's Southern Tories whose coalition with Republicans to block Administration measures has been, to straight-line Hannegan, a cardinal sin. Hence it is not impossible that the White House crowd and the Tories may yet gang together to toss Hannegan out of his national chairmanship. But such a move would need Truman's backing — and would make

for Truman a new and dangerous enemy. For Hannegan, shorn of formal power, would still remain powerful — especially among the groups he has recently championed.

It could work the other way. Bob Hannegan is well aware what man is mainly responsible for the collapse of public confidence in the Administration. And Hannegan's loyalty to Harry Truman has always been utterly secondary and subordinate to his deep loyalty to the Democratic party. Unless the picture should radically change before 1948, it could be that a different candidate will top, that year, the Democratic ticket. It could even be that a major part in unmaking President Truman might be played by the man who made him — Robert E. Hannegan.

Thoughts on Broomsticks —

Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; . . . But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be — grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother-besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

THE MYTH OF PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE

By BERNARD SEEMAN

THE Fourth of July this year might have marked the end of forty-eight years of American imperialism in the Philippines. On that day we were to become the first great power to keep its promise to a colonial people by giving them independence. Had we kept to the letter and spirit of that promise, our moral leadership would have been enormously enhanced among the hundreds of millions of Asiatics. But what was to have been Philippine freedom has turned out to be pretty much a hoax.

Americans who proudly believe that their government has set an example of enlightened benevolence and good faith should take note of the comments in the Filipino press on the amended Independence Act passed by Congress. The *Philippine Press*, for example, a liberal Manila newspaper which supported Osmeña during the recent election, asked on April 5, 1946, whether the American eagle had become a vulture:

While we are being sacrificed to the greed and cupidity of American businessmen,

Mr. McNutt continues to proclaim the happy fiction that we are going to be given independence, that we are the chief beneficiaries of this generous, this great and magnanimous measure, and that the Americans are really getting nothing out of it except the satisfaction of having done a good and noble deed.

This criticism may seem unjustified to those Americans who think of independence simply in terms of political sovereignty. True independence has deeper implications, as Francis B. Sayre, former High Commissioner to the Philippines, pointed out in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March, 1946. "If the Filipino people are ever to have the independence which they crave," wrote Mr. Sayre, "clearly their fundamental economy and means of livelihood must be free from dependence upon changeable legislative majorities in the United States Congress. Political independence without economic independence would be a mockery." This very economic freedom was withheld from the Philippines by the amendments to the Independence Act of 1934.

BERNARD SEEMAN was a consultant for OWI on Japanese matters during the war and a special correspondent in the Pacific. Previously he was an investigator of Axis activities in Cuba. He has been editor of *Sea Power*, the magazine of the Navy League, and has written for a number of magazines.

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To understand in detail these amendments, which ex-President Osmeña denounced as a "curtailment of Philippine sovereignty and a virtual nullification of Philippine independence," we need to make a short excursion into Philippine history.

II

When the Spaniards took over the Philippines some four hundred years ago, they established a feudal system which was based on land grants made by the Spanish kings. Following the pattern of colonial exploitation established in that era, the economy of the Philippines revolved around the production of those agricultural products and raw materials which Spain needed and which could find quick and profitable markets abroad. The result was a lopsided economy.

Throughout the period of Spanish rule, the Filipinos fought bravely for their independence. By the time the Spanish-American War broke out, the Spaniards were confined to a few large centers — such as Manila — while the Filipinos held the rest of their land. At the moment Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay, the Filipinos had already proclaimed a republic, ratified a constitution and established what might have developed into a smoothly functioning government. The United States, having bought the Islands from Spain for \$20,000,000 under the peace treaty terms, refused to recognize the Philippine Republic. A

military campaign was launched against the infant nation and, after three years of fierce jungle warfare, the republic was crushed.

Because of widespread demands in the United States, the government's Philippine policy was soon modified to include the promise of independence at some time in the future. This was an elusive promise, blown back and forth by the winds of changing Republican and Democratic Administrations. The Jones Law, passed during the Wilson Administration, stated: "It is, as it always has been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein." In February, 1924, however, President Coolidge told a visiting Philippine delegation: "It is to be doubted whether . . . it would be possible for the people of the islands to maintain an independent place in the world. . . ."

It was not until 1934, with the passage of the Tydings-McDuffie Act, that independence ceased to be a vague hope and that July 4, 1946, was set as the date for its actual grant. Powerful economic interests both in the Philippines and in the United States continued nonetheless to oppose Philippine freedom.

After the Islands had fallen to American rule, our investments expanded rapidly, particularly in sugar, hemp, coconut and gold, following the pattern of previous Spanish ex-

plotation. By 1941, American investments in the Philippines were estimated at \$258,564,000. The Spanish land grants, with their feudalistic outcroppings, had been respected by the new American rulers, and similar techniques of landlordism were adopted by many American investors. Consequently there was little change in the internal economy of the Philippines. Production for export maintained a primary position over production to broaden internal wealth. High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt told the House Committee on Insular Affairs on February 15, 1946: "In the Philippines the national economy was geared before the war entirely and completely to export trade. And 95 per cent of that export trade was with the United States."

The net result was a social system wherein the bulk of the population were virtual peons, largely illiterate, ill-fed, ill-housed, and with few political rights. These people, mainly tenants or sharecroppers on the large semi-feudal estates, were constantly in debt to their landlords, a debt which kept mounting because of usurious interests rates. Their living quarters were generally one-room shacks with only the most primitive toilet facilities. The average peasant wage came to about fifteen cents a day.

For the entire Philippines, a report to the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs stated, "the income of a Filipino family of four averages only \$75 a year, about \$20 of which goes to taxes." In 1939, out of

a population of some 17,000,000, only about 30,000 individual income tax returns were filed, and only 9000 persons had to pay any tax. The underprivileged majority subsisted largely on rice, supplemented by some fruits, vegetables and fish. According to the 1939 census, almost two-thirds of the people over twenty had received no schooling at all, and only two-fifths of the remainder had completed the fourth grade.

On the other side of the social picture was a tiny upper class consisting of feudal landowners, businessmen and import-export agents called *compradores*. This minority, largely Spanish and American, effectively dominated the social and economic life of the Islands.

Perhaps the best summary of the effects of American rule in the Philippines was made by High Commissioner Sayre in his report on the Philippines for the year ending June, 1941. After listing the considerable progress made in the realms of education, self-government, public health and in increased national income, he pointed out that

. . . neither a sizable independent middle class nor an influential public opinion has developed. The bulk of the newly created income has gone to the government, to landlords, and to urban areas and has served but little to ameliorate the living conditions of the almost feudal peasantry. . . . social unrest has reached serious proportions. . . .

Opposition to Philippine independence came from the small but potent upper class, which was assured of

fixed and profitable markets for their products under the duty-free trade arrangements with the United States. Once the Islands became independent, they would, of course, be forced to compete on the world market under the unfavorable conditions imposed by various tariffs.

Economic independence would deal a sharp blow to the feudal economy of the Philippines since it would compel a shift from production for export to production for use. This would mean native industrialization, would stimulate the growth of an independent middle class and an industrial working class, with consequent raising of urban wages and living standards. Peasant labor would be drawn away from the plantations to higher paying and expanding industries. The final result would be a shift in the internal economic and political power balance, with the advantage going to the middle and working classes.

American interests both in the United States and in the Philippines, those which either had direct investments or profited from the import or processing of Filipino products, similarly opposed full independence. These included the Haussermann mining interests; various other investors in chromite, iron and other mines; the sugar and coconut interests; and still others represented by the American Chamber of Commerce in Manila. In addition, there were groups in the United States, such as the Spreckels and Fleishhacker interests with in-

vestments in Philippine sugar; and banks, insurance companies and individuals with large holdings in Philippine government as well as private enterprise bonds.

III

The key to the profits in the colonial status of the Philippines was free trade. The free-trade arrangements, as defined in the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909 and the Underwood Act of 1914, not only confirmed and expanded the primitive colonial economy instituted by the Spaniards, but chained Philippine production to the needs of a limited American market. Duty-free quotas were set on certain products which we wanted to import — sugar, hemp, copra and so on — thus assuring the feudal landowners and *compradores* of a profitable market and stimulating the continuance of an archaic economy. Furthermore, Filipino producers were able to sell to the United States at a higher price than that prevailing on the world market, so that the American consumer helped subsidize Philippine feudalism. But to the majority of Filipinos, free trade was a heavy burden.

The Philippine upper class, which profited most from American rule, in the end became so fearful of independence that many of them welcomed the invading Japanese as saviors of their social and economic order. Under the Japanese, they knew, the emphasis would continue on exports. They knew that the Japanese

would never permit genuine independence. So a large section of the upper class collaborated, while most of the opposition to the Japanese came from the lower class who, though they had profited least from American rule, respected and cherished the American promise of freedom. Nevertheless, after the Philippines were liberated in 1945, the collaboration-tainted upper class was permitted to retain the political and economic power it had held before the war. They immediately set to work to undermine or emasculate the Independence Act of 1934, which would have put an end to free trade. In this they won the active support of American groups with interests in the Islands, as well as of prominent American officials, such as High Commissioner McNutt who, before and after the war, had publicly expressed opposition to outright independence.

Since technical independence had already been promised by law, the United States could not very well go back on its word. A number of bills and amendments to the Independence Act were therefore introduced before the United States Congress; these permitted the fiction of independence to be held out but effectively nullified the possibility of real independence. In addition, there was the Rehabilitation Act, signed by President Truman last April.

The Philippines had suffered material war losses estimated to be in excess of a billion dollars. President Roosevelt had pledged that the

United States would compensate the Philippines for all war damage. Instead, the Rehabilitation Act provided a fund of only \$620,000,000; of this amount, \$400,000,000 was provided to compensate property owners, which would benefit only the small upper class and the American interests. The bulk of the Filipinos, who had offered the greatest opposition to the Japanese and had consequently suffered most, received little, if any, aid under this section of the Act. To restore and improve essential public services and public property, \$120,000,000 was provided. Surplus war material to the value of \$100,000,000 was provided to rebuild public buildings and utilities. In short, this Act provided the greatest relief to those who needed and deserved it least. What is more important is the fact that the provisions of the Act were made contingent upon an "or else" clause in Section 601, which provided that no payment of more than five hundred dollars would be paid on any damage claim until the Filipinos ratified the Trade Act.

It was the Trade Act, an amendment to the Independence Act of 1934, sponsored by Representative Bell and Senator Tydings, which cut the heart out of Philippine independence and made the Islands an economic vassal of the United States, regardless of their nominal independence. It provides for an eight-year extension of free trade, following which, over a twenty-year period, there is to come about a gradual im-

position of tariffs. Not until 1974 are full duties to be paid. Duty-free quotas are established for coconut oil, copra, sugar, hemp and other products desired by American importers. There are no reciprocal quotas for American exports to the Philippines.

Another provision of the Trade Act divides the export quotas among the same small group — mainly Spanish and American *compradores* — who possessed export monopolies in 1941. Of this, Assistant Secretary of State Clayton said to the Senate Finance Committee: "Not only does this deprive the Philippine Government of a sovereign prerogative, but it has the effect of giving pre-war producers a virtual monopoly. . . . It would enable them to prevent the investment of capital by new American enterprises . . . and new Philippine producers would not be able to compete freely in their own country."

The State Department also took exception to Section 321, which forbids the Philippines to charge any import tariffs lower than American tariffs for any particular product. In the opinion of the Department, "this unilateral restriction on Philippine tariff autonomy would be inconsistent with Philippine political independence." The State Department was particularly embarrassed by this creation of a closed economic sphere in the Philippines because it had been critical of similar British trade agreements within the Empire.

Another section of the Trade Act

chains Philippine currency to the American dollar until 1974, thus making it impossible for the Philippine Government to control the value of its own money. According to the United States Tariff Commission, this section "would deny the Philippines the same measure of control over its currency as it would enjoy under the Bretton Woods Agreement, under which it is free to alter the value of its currency . . . by as much as 10 per cent without prior consultation or agreement with any other country."

Then there is Section 341, which gives Americans equal rights with Filipinos in the development of Philippine natural resources until 1974. Because this section ran counter to the Philippine Constitution, which stated that 60 per cent of any enterprise must be owned by Filipinos, it became necessary for the Philippine people to amend their constitution in order to accept the Trade Act.

A further piece of legislation designed to amend the Independence Act was the Property Bill, providing that "any agency or instrumentality of the United States Government" can retain title to any Philippine property which it has held or might acquire. The bill sets no time limit. Such a loud protest was raised in the Philippines that our Congress delayed passage of the Property Bill. On May 20, 1946, President-elect Roxas advised Congress that passing the Property Bill as an amendment to the Independence Act would "arouse great suspicion in the Philippines and will

create difficulties at that end." He suggested instead that Congress pass these provisions as an independent measure and not as an amendment.

IV

In the light of these facts, it would indeed be surprising if the Filipinos viewed our gift of independence with anything but bitter disillusion and contempt. In their opinion, the United States not only cheated them of the freedom it had promised, but also made it possible for an outdated, feudalistic upper class, shot through with quislings and collaborators, to retain their stultifying grip on the political, social and economic life of the Islands.

The present Roxas Administration, which was brought to power with the aid of a coalition of collaborators and Spanish and American vested interests, was seen by many Filipinos as the political instrument which was to perpetuate native feudalism and American economic imperialism behind the screen of Philippine "independence." At its very inauguration, the Roxas majority in the Legislature, which included a number of men then under indictment for collaboration, refused to seat seven opposition legislators. This was done by simple majority, in violation of a long-established rule that the oath of office could be refused by no less than a two-thirds vote. Senate Minority Leader Tomas Confessor, a celebrated

guerrilla leader and pre-war governor of Panay, was moved to declare:

Fascism is on the march in the Philippines. The majority party senators in the opening session, determined to curtail the rights of the minority, have taken pernicious anti-democratic steps. The majority senators destroyed democratic practices that have served, until now, to uphold and maintain democratic institutions in America and the Philippines. They have laid the foundation of a totalitarian regime.

Thus it was that, beset from within by a dominant feudalistic upper class, which had collaborated with Japanese fascism and which would not hesitate to use totalitarian methods in order to maintain its pre-eminent position, and from without by a new colonialism disguised as "independence," the Philippine Republic was launched on July 4, 1946. The *Philippine Press* on April Fools Day, 1946, anticipated the happy event: "On July 4, 1946, the United States of America will play on us a huge joke. On that day of days, to the accompaniment of martial music, parades and speeches, generous, big-hearted Uncle Sam will, with a perfectly straight face, declare this country 'free and independent' . . . but in the years to come we will not be able to call our country our own. We will discover to our cost that the friend who entered our house has appropriated the entire building, and we should be duly grateful if he graciously permits us to occupy the attic."

SOME HORSES I HAVE KNOWN

By W. A. S. DOUGLAS

CHICAGO folks seem to know more about horses than do folks in other big cities where the race courses are largely patronized by people who could not tell the difference between a spavin and a fetlock. I guess we have more horse-drawn wagons here than anywhere else in the country — and the aging and old men who drive them love these ancient animals of theirs.

There was Larry O'Donnell, who lived in Canaryville, a part of the stockyards district. He owned an old race horse he called Charlie, a well-mannered and kindly animal like his master. Larry used to say that he and Charlie weren't horse and owner at all but rather partners in the small expressing business which went under the name of Larry O'Donnell, painted in straggling fashion on the side of a catch-as-catch-can wagon.

Larry and Charlie hauled a bag of coal here, a load of kindling wood there, and now and again a trunk or two and maybe a small furniture-moving job; their customers never had much — be it coal, wood, trunks or furniture. But they kept busy, the

two of them, they were well fed and they were very happy. Charlie may have thought longingly now and again about his great days on the race tracks but, if he did, he must have thought, too, that he was a mighty lucky old plater to have in his declining years such a pal as Larry and such a nice warm stable and the oats with which his friend stuffed him. Both of them were alone in the world so far as family connections were concerned.

Well, there came a day when Charlie got sick; couldn't eat, head was hanging low, and the once fine slim legs gave a stagger every now and again. Charlie was slow and weak in his harness and his eyes said clearly to Larry:

"Call a vet, old pal. It looks like goodbye."

Larry got Charlie to the nice warm stable, fixed him the finest hot bran mash a horse ever laid a lip over. But Charlie just shook his head and stood there, shivering. So Larry sent for the vet. The horse doctor looked Charlie over and said there was nothing that could be done.

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"Send for the knacker" was his advice to Larry.

"I'll finish him myself," said Larry. "Charlie would rather have it that way."

And in order to gather up the nerve to put his old pal out of his misery Larry went across the street from the stable to the corner tavern and started tossing bourbons down his throat. He just sat there, near brokenhearted, and wouldn't talk to a soul; nor would he answer any questions. This attitude lasted until the liquor got him out of brooding and into surliness. And then he became quarrelsome. The bartender tried to quiet him and then the boss tried and some of the customers tried — to no avail.

Finally Larry hit someone and there was a row all over the floor of the joint. It took both the bartender and the boss to heave him out and, being right angry by this time, they did a good job of it. They heaved him so hard he hit all the way across the street almost at the door of the stable where his pal lay dying.

Maybe an hour passed and the tavern's help and customers had slid back to the usual companionly decorum of such places when well conducted. Of a sudden the swing doors were pushed open and there stood Larry, cold sober. They took note that he had removed his overalls and was dressed in his Sunday black broadcloth suit, topped with a black bow tie and a black bowler hat. And the folks also took note that Larry held in his right hand an old Army .45 revolver.

All hands took cover in a hurry, crowding back of the bar and crouching to the floor. So they didn't see Larry push the swing doors open again and lead in his ailing pal, Charlie. The sound of the heavy hooves made some of them take a peek. And so they saw the old man gently guide the horse so that he stood exactly athwart the swing doors. Then Larry rubbed his withered cheek against his pal's nose. After that, with one clean, neat shot, he sent old Charlie to greener pastures. The horse fell to the floor, completely blocking the tavern entrance. Larry stepped over the body, pushed a half of the swing door outward and addressed himself to the boss and the bartender, still crouching behind the bar.

"It pleased you," he said, and there were tears in his voice, "to throw one gentleman out of your lousy joint. Now try it on this one!"

And with that he departed. The knacker, when he came at long last, had to use a derrick and take down the swing doors before he could get Charlie out and so lift the blockade.

CARTER wasn't much of a horse to start with — rough bred, small and shaggy; there was a bit of Shetland in him. Tony Rosso, the Wells Street vegetable man, bought him up at a farm auction when he was a three-year-old, judged hardly big enough and tough enough for field work. Tony named him after Carter Harrison the Younger who, like his father, was five times mayor of Chicago.

Tony and Carter were familiar figures on North Wells Street for three decades. There was hardly a housewife struggling along on a limited budget on the many dilapidated side streets off Wells who didn't know and appreciate Tony, the vegetable man, and his old horse, Carter. Pleasant, obliging and reasonable — that was Tony's motto. Carter was quiet, well behaved and slow. Slowness may be something against a horse on the race track but not in Carter's case. Ambling from door to door, stopping every few minutes while Tony argued about the price of carrots or lettuce or beets, Carter just suited Tony and the customers down to the ground.

Carter's tragedy was bad feet. If Doc Seiter, the great Chicago horse-shoer, could have got hold of him as a foal or even as a two-year-old this story need never have been written. The heels of Carter's hooves touched the street and his toes turned up. He was what we used to call a slithering horse and he found it less painful to drag his feet than to lift them. Once, as an experiment, Tony put a dime down on the street and Carter kicked it a full block.

Some horse-shoers refused to shoe Carter; those who did were well aware that the poor animal suffered tremendously. Pads and packing would have done the trick early in life but horse-shoeing became a science too late to relieve Carter.

There came an evening when Tony bought himself a pint of good whiskey; he used to do this about three times a

week. He came out of the store this time and Carter looked so woebegone and tired, shifting from one foot to the other to ease his dogs, that Tony, on a sudden inspiration, put the bottleneck between the old horse's lips and up-tilted it. Carter took a good swig, shook himself and at once seemed a new horse. He actually trotted up Wells Street for a couple of blocks, stopped, turned his head, and as good as asked for another slug.

From then on Carter got a drink whenever he wanted one, which was pretty often; but Tony, who made good money with his wilted vegetables, always said: "What the heck; so he can forget about his feet." Along about three in the afternoon, when Tony would be pretty near giving away what was left of the stock, Carter would always be pleasantly boiled. He had even been known to caper — on some fifteen-year-old stuff a politician gave the old vegetable man. Well, last Christmas Eve, Tony and Carter started out not to do any work but just hunting clean fun and good hard liquor. This they always got on Wells Street where no saloonkeeper would think of passing out anything but the best to horse and man. But the two of them picked up such a heavy load they got eye-bleary and wandered off their usual beat and onto Clark Street, in among the panther juice joints. Carter just folded up and passed out for keeps on the tenth slug.

Tony has a new horse now, with good feet and a strict teetotaler. But he misses Carter no end.

OLD Bill Hannon, the retired city fireman, was standing with me on a corner of Wells Street. We were watching the horses go clop-clopping by and Bill observed that the automobile shortage was still keeping horses at work with vegetable carts, milk wagons, and the one-man express wagons. "There's still lots of gee-gees on the street," Bill observed. "And there will be till the cars come in and the strikes are really over. Then these old boys and girls will be hauled off to the knackers, hit on the head and cooked up for glue. If I wasn't lazy and bothered with a few old burns I'd go to Mayor Kelly and get me a knacker's license."

John J. Brennock, according to Bill Hannon, was the smartest knacker Chicago ever had. He flourished in pre-automobile days and made a huge fortune out of horses who died or who had to be killed after street accidents. Like Bill Hannon he began life as a city fireman but he was one of those go-ahead Irishmen with plenty of friends in the right places. A horse would die or be killed in those days and the nearest fire station would notify one of the several glue companies. A drag would be sent down and the dead horse hauled off. No profit there except for the glue company, Mr. Brennock figured.

So the fireman talked to a couple of politically important friends and the first thing his pals in the battalion knew, John J. Brennock was in the dead-horse business with an appointment from the city as the sole remover

of all such remains from the streets. He developed a very profitable business. There were other reducing companies beside the glue firms which could use horses and although ocean-going refrigeration was in its infancy and the great French horse-meat market was out, Mr. Brennock found he could sell fairly young horses for food across the Mexican border. Inside of two decades he was rated a millionaire and he built himself a fine home over on the west side of Chicago in a section then reserved only for the very well-to-do Irish.

Now the rest of the fire laddies didn't begrudge John Brennock his good fortune; more power to him, they said. But what they objected to was that their pals, the fire horses that had as much to do with killing blazes as themselves, were accorded the same treatment as any other horse that went to its death on the streets of Chicago — off to the glue plant if tough and old, and the hide to the tanners; or across the Mexican border if fairly young and tender. The firemen formed a committee and called on their former colleague to ask him if he would forego his claims on the bodies of their buddies, return them to the department and let the heroes be buried decently. Mr. Brennock just laughed at them.

Old Bill Hannon doesn't think he is a bit sacrilegious when he claims there is something on high which watches over heroes, be they horses or men. So when Danny Boy, his offside wheel, went down as Bill was

taking a corner of Clark and Van Buren on a general alarm and Bill had to climb out and shoot him right there and then, the fireman put the Connacht curse on John Brennock the knacker. And if you know anything at all about curses you will know that the Connacht curse stands up and tears at you long after all other curses have lost their punch. When Bill came back from that fire there was nothing left of Danny Boy but a few drops of blood on the sidewalk. The knacker's drag had taken him off to a shameful end.

But, as Bill Hannon put it, Mr. Brennock did not reckon with the Connacht curse. The millionaire took up horse racing. He went to the Saratoga sales and came back with a fine string of two-year-olds. He built an expensive stable out Barrington way, got himself a high-priced trainer and

became a regular patron of the sport of kings. He owned at one time as many as thirty well bred horses; if money, blood and training counted for anything at all he should have been quite successful. His horses carried his colors all over the country.

But in ten years of racing and betting Mr. Brennock never had a winner and at the end of the ten he had to quit because he was clean broke. He couldn't even go back to knocking because another man had picked up the concession from City Hall and was as busy piling up money as Brennock had been throwing it away. He ended up as janitor to a walk-up apartment building.

"He made a million on dead horses," Bill Hannon said as he ended up the story, "and he lost it all on live ones."



THE MIND OF A SMALL TOWN

By GRANVILLE HICKS

A PROBLEM I wish public opinion experts would investigate is not what people think about this or that but what they think about. Both psychologists and novelists suggest that people think mostly about themselves. The stream of ideas — call it interior monologue or what you will — that passes through the average human mind is concerned with *me*: my health, my state of mind, what people think about me and what I think about them, my problems, my children, my job, what I said to Joe and what he said to me, mostly what I said to him. Even the most public-minded citizen, I suspect, devotes only a fraction of his attention to the affairs of city, state and nation, and any conception of democracy that postulates the constant and alert interest of the citizenry is purely romantic.

If, then, we are to be concerned with the ideas that circulate in Roxborough, we had better keep in mind that these ideas are not constantly seething about in the consciousness of the people. Not being a psy-

choanalyst, I cannot say exactly what ideas and feelings do seethe about. I am limited to the material that finds expression in ordinary conversation, and I am not even sure that the conversations I have engaged in or listened to are fully representative. Even a casual listener, however, knows that the opinions that can be formally organized and set down have their existence in a vast and chaotic world of thought and emotion.

To help us to keep the point in mind, we might begin by examining the ideas that are directly derived from Roxborough itself, before we turn to outside influences. Farming, for instance, though it has become a marginal activity, provides much of the material of conversation. Among the old timers there is endless talk about crops and the weather, and I can imagine a period when these topics were of first importance, though today they seem a little off-center. Where farming is more profitable, interest in agriculture often leads to an interest in science, but Roxborough's farmers pay little attention

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the mass of scientific information that reaches them through bulletins, farm magazines and radio programs. There is not even much interest shown in the handful of scientifically managed farms to be found in neighboring towns. Talk about farming is divisible into two parts: practical lore and superstition.

Listening to such talk, one may not learn much about agriculture, but one can learn something about the role of conversation. The constant repetition of the same facts or theories suggests at the very outset that communication in the ordinary sense of the term cannot be the major purpose of these exchanges. An old timer makes a statement about the soil of Roxborough, for instance, a statement he has made a hundred times to the same listeners, and the listeners respond with the comments they have invariably offered. The old timer, it seems to me, is talking for the sake of talking — that is, for the sake of establishing a relationship with the group. He is also reaffirming a basic truth, and to him the truth does not have to be novel.

Of course, people in other walks of life do the same thing, but lawyers and teachers and business men sooner or later become aware of the boredom of their audiences. The old timers are troubled by no such self-consciousness, and so long as they keep to themselves they do not need to be. Their attitude is the exact opposite of the intellectuals', for they are as skeptical of novelty as the intellec-

tuals are devoted to it. Among the intellectuals an idea tends to wear itself out in a relatively short time: if an idea is not novel, it cannot be talked about, and if it cannot be talked about, it may as well be abandoned. This ridiculous faddishness, however, is merely the reverse side of a healthy and necessary receptivity. The imperviousness of the old timers, on the other hand, though it has its admirable aspects, is obviously disadvantageous in a situation of change, and it is no wonder that agriculture in Roxborough is decades behind the times.

As for superstitions, it is hard to make out whether Roxborough people are more superstitious than the majority of city dwellers or merely less embarrassed about mentioning their foibles. So far as I know, no one believes in devils, witches, ghosts or other supernatural beings, but the widest variety of old wives' tales is accepted. Most farmers plant and butcher according to the phases of the moon, and they defend the practice by the pseudo-scientific argument that the moon governs crops as it governs the tides. Most women believe in birthmarking, and I recall the indignation with which an old timer said, "You'll never convince me, and you needn't try." Young women with high school diplomas refuse to handle meat when they are menstruating, and can cite examples of meat that spoiled because this rule was broken. Bad and good luck signs, weather signs and the like are num-

berless: an enterprise begun on a Friday will be beset with difficulty and may well end in disaster; the weather on the last two days of one month governs the weather for the whole of the next; a green Christmas will be followed by a winter of sickness and death.

What puzzles me is the way some of the natives talk about this mass of folklore. Mark Cutter, for example, will quote sayings by the hour, and discuss them in all seriousness, but I never know whether he believes them or not. One day, for instance, he referred to "the old whim that if you have fog in February you'll have frost in May," and he can be very condescending towards these old whims. My guess is that basically the superstitions he cites are something for him to think and talk about. Probably he observes them when it is convenient for him to do so, and disregards them when he sees fit. In a curious way his attitude towards political issues seems much the same. In New York City one of his close friends was a socialist, and Mr. Cutter can still talk socialist theories, but they have nothing to do with the way he casts his vote. Sometimes he says to me, "Did you listen to the 'Town Meeting of the Air' last night? It was a wonderful argument." I will ask what they were arguing about. "I don't just remember. Something to do with the war."

Now and then I have wondered whether the old timers, living close to the soil as they do, have any of the

quasi-religious feeling for nature that writers have found in some peasant peoples. For a long time I would have said not. But there was the solitary, dirty and rather mean-minded old farmer who said one day, "You know, I have a good life here." Looking into the alert, wonderfully expressive eyes, I was as surprised by what lay behind the words as I was by the words themselves. After that, I noticed that he always contrived to get a rather special, a rather personal note into his remarks about the weather. "Turned out to be a nice day after all," I said to him once. The old man shook his head in a pantomime of surprise and joy: "Certainly fooled me. I thought it was going to be a bad one." "Seems great to see the sun," he would say after a stormy spell, and I wish I could reproduce the glow in the eyes and the lift in the voice. One cold morning I happened to observe that the wind had changed about midnight. "That's what tied it up," he exclaimed, striking his leg. "Yes, sir, that was a hairy one," he would say, speaking of a storm. Good or bad, the weather excited him as a kind of drama and perhaps also as the manifestation of a force.

Finding so clear and strong an emotion where one would least expect to find it, I have come to believe that something of the same feeling lies behind much of the talk about storms and heat and cold. One hard-working farmer was a skilled mechanic for many years, and turned to farming because of a distaste for cities. "God

didn't intend people to live that way," he has told me. He talks a great deal about his animals, often amusingly: "Pigs are clean by nature. I like pigs. I like 'em better than I do some people." When war-time was adopted, Charlie stood out against it for a fortnight or so and then gave in. The morning he fed the stock for the first time on the new schedule his wife asked him as usual how the cows were. He said, "They wanted to know who that damned fool was who was waking 'em up in the middle of the night." Once he said to me of that day's sunrise, "You just want to go out and hold it in your arms. I may be foolish, but I'm glad I am."

II

Weather, crops and animals, both domestic and wild, furnish material for thought and themes for conversation, but the great source is experience with people. For one thing, most ideas, whatever their ultimate origin, circulate through personal rather than impersonal channels. I know this is not peculiar to Roxborough. Some of the public opinion experts have concluded that even in this day of universal literacy and twenty-four-hour radio service opinions are still transmitted chiefly by direct word of mouth. One study has indicated that in almost every neighborhood, every factory, every group of any kind, there is likely to be an individual whose word carries particular weight. Often this individual

has no political position, and his social status may be low, but somehow authority attaches itself to his words, and this personal authority is more persuasive than the prestige of any radio commentator or newspaper columnist.

The power of the personal word, I suspect, is a hangover from a time when the majority of people lived in small communities more or less like Roxborough. Talk between neighbors used to be almost the only means for the transmission of news and opinions, and it is still an important means wherever neighborly contacts exist. They do exist in Roxborough. At a church supper the outsiders usually leave as soon as they have finished eating, but the natives sit around and talk until the dishes are washed and someone hints that the lights had better be put out. It is the rarest thing in the world for a native to leave the store as soon as he has made a purchase. At the least he will talk for a few minutes with the storekeeper, and if there are other customers, he will talk with them. A man, indeed, is likely to take a seat and stay for an hour or for an evening. Women, traditionally, do not sit around the stove, but a group may stand in some out-of-the-way corner for half or three-quarters of an hour.

Many of the conversations in the store and the barber shop are desultory enough and, as I have noted, frequently repetitious. However, no local event — birth, illness, change of job, real estate transaction — is

likely to go unremarked. If many persons are involved, political discussions are usually restrained, for it is an unwritten law that brawls are to be avoided in all public places of the town except those that sell alcohol. (In fact, in so small and interrelated a community political controversy cannot be conducted in public with acrimony or even with candor, though there is a vast amount of whispered slander and adroit backstabbing.) A man can make his views clear, however, even though he says nothing at which political opponents and their relatives can take offense, and if he is a man of influence, his views are repeated, probably without benefit of his qualifications, in many homes. In the old days, I imagine, political destinies were commonly settled around the stove in the store. Today the talk in public places is probably more important in the circulation of news than it is in the formation of opinions, but its surviving influence on what people think should not be underestimated.

Personal contact not only passes ideas along; in itself it provides material for thought. If people think most of the time about themselves, a good deal of the rest of the time they spend in thinking about other people. It seems to be true that the more one knows about other people, the more interesting one finds them, and in a small town there are opportunities to know a lot. Moreover, a small town offers few of the impersonal spectacles with which urban

life is so rich. A great city provides not only theaters, museums, restaurants, baseball games, boxing matches, and the like, but also stores, subway trains, the streets themselves. Roxborough has almost no impersonal spectacles, except those furnished by nature, and radio is the only modern means of mass diversion to be found. There is every chance for a person in Roxborough to learn about his neighbors, and few distractions to keep him from doing so.

As is natural in a group of homes so closely associated and, by and large, so nakedly exposed to each other, there is immediate and intense interest in any event that interrupts the daily routine. Illness is the commonest kind of interruption, and perhaps that it is why it is so much talked about, though I sometimes feel that there is a special and almost morbid excitement over ill health.

Scandal is second in importance to illness, in spite of the fact that Roxborough in practice is a tolerant community, making no great touse about couples that live together out of wedlock or carry on more or less public affairs. The note of moral censure is only occasionally struck, but gossip is detailed, sustained and widespread. As in sophisticated milieus that I have known, the practice of tolerance goes hand in hand with rapt interest. Births, marriages, deaths, fights, arrests, new jobs and similar events receive appropriate attention.

I am not surprised by the interest that is shown in crises of one sort or

another, for that has been displayed, in varying degrees of intensity, wherever I have lived. No, the striking thing is the simple interest in simple facts. If A digs his potatoes, if B goes shopping in Troy, if C fails to attend church, notice is taken. At one end of the scale is mere recognition of what is going on — a friendly acknowledgment of the familiar, comparable to the attention paid the weather on a seasonable day. At the other end there is passionate curiosity. I know persons who spend hours each day listening in on party lines, no doubt hoping for juicy bits but quite satisfied if they simply keep tabs on their neighbors. To such persons bare facts appear to be intensely interesting, and they assume the same interest on the part of others, for one woman may call another three or four times a day merely to report what she has been doing and what she has seen or heard of the doings of others. Curiosity on this level is more outspoken among the women than among the men, who usually find more objective subjects — politics, machinery, hunting — to discuss, but a casual inquiry quickly shows how much personal detail the masculine mind can accumulate.

III

It is significant that interest so often centers in the human fact for its own sake, but one would have to be very innocent to assume that the attention paid to other persons is always free

from emotional overtones. Like most compact neighborhoods, Roxborough is frequently rent by quarrels, sometimes amounting to feuds. Often these quarrels have political, religious or social implications, but even a political or a religious quarrel reduces itself to personalities.

One year the assessors raised the valuation of our farm, and the chairman of the board boasted that this was done because I was a communist. I disapproved, but I was not surprised, for I had had some experience with political persecution. Some of my neighbors, however, brushed this explanation away. In what way, they speculated, could I have offended the chairman? Had I ever taken business away from him? Was it known that I had voted against him? To them it seemed obvious that the motivation must be personal rather than political. And when, years later, I hired this man in my capacity as school trustee to do a piece of work, simply because he was the best workman available, there was general agreement that we must have patched up our difficulties, and I was asked, as probably he was, what had happened.

At a session of the town board that I attended the question came up of the purchase of a tract of land for civic purposes. There was general opposition, not only among the board members but also among the citizens who had bothered to attend. One citizen, however, was not content to let the matter rest there but made a long speech on the subject of the price

at which the land had been offered to the town. This was immediately interpreted as a personal attack on the owner of the land, and a dozen times in the next week I heard someone say, "I wonder what Bill's got against Mark. I always thought they were pretty close."

Needless to say, a vote against a candidate is generally regarded as a personal affront, and a vote for a candidate is both an acknowledgment of past favors and a bid for favors to come. Politics is very largely personalized, although in the last analysis the majority vote for the Republican candidates no matter who they may be. As for the churches, they have had so many quarrels that the wisecrackers will tell you that the Baptist congregation is entirely made up of angry ex-Methodists and vice versa. A feud may start in one of the churches, spread to the PTA, involve a whole section of town, and ultimately emerge as a political factor.

In such a situation it can hardly be supposed that the interest in personalities is always dispassionate or that the reporting is always unbiased. On the contrary, though the talk about neighbors may be either friendly or neutral, it is likely to be tinged with jealousy, distrust, irritation or downright hostility. Intellectual circles, I have observed, are also given to talk about personalities, and though the terminology is often psychological and thus achieves a semblance of objectivity, the note of malice is not always absent. ("If that's

the way they talk about their friends," cried the new wife of an old acquaintance of ours, "how do they talk about people they don't like?") Being used to what is called plain speaking, I am not particularly shocked by Roxborough's sharp tongues, and in fact I rather enjoy the sharpness, even when it is turned against me. I have learned, however, to discount much that I hear, though I have the impression that stories are embellished not only out of malice but also — and quite as often — for the sake of making them more interesting.

It must be said in defense of the urban intellectuals that, much as they love gossip, they are usually less influenced by personalities than are my Roxborough neighbors. On the other hand, I am quite convinced, as I have already intimated, that the more perceptive and thoughtful of my neighbors have a better grasp of human realities than most of the intellectuals have. They know so many more kinds of people, and they know them in so many more ways! They are, to be sure, much less articulate, but they are acutely interested in motives, in the formation of character, and even in human nature itself as a theme for generalization. How could this fail to be so? The speculative mind — and certainly there are speculative minds in Roxborough — has a vast amount of human data to consider and not too much else. Inevitably it takes its material and makes something of it. The tradition of rural shrewdness is not a myth.

MAYBIRD UPSHAW

A Story

By JAMES STILL

TO THE day I perish I will recollect Maybird Upshaw being hauled into my yard on Shepherds Creek in a wagon. She was my wife's kin, widowed by her second husband's death at the mines; she was the largest woman I ever set eyes upon.

The door jamb creaked as Maybird pushed into the house. She sat on a trunk as we had no chair of a size to hold her. She dwarfed my wife and made the baby seem a mouse in a corner. I recollect she sighed, "I've come to visit a while," and breathed deep with satisfaction. "I aim to rest a spell."

"You're welcome if you can live hardscrabble," Trulla said, fastening cold eyes on me, eyes blue as gun-metal. I knew she was thinking Maybird might be on our hands for life.

"We've just got old-fashioned comforts," I spoke, brushing a hand behind my ears for I stood in mortal need of a haircut. My eyes roved the

log walls, coming to rest on Maybird, her large fair head with tresses rich as fire, the drape of flesh hanging from her arms, knees dimpled as the baby's cheeks. I tried to figure her weight. She had the world beat on size.

A smile caught Maybird's face. "I'm not picky," she declared, "and anywhere's better than a coal camp." She made a book of her hands. "I'll stop off here a while, then be going. I don't intend to burden."

"You'll miss the camps," I reminded, feeling Trulla's eyes boring my skull. "Credit at the commissary when you're of a notion to buy, green money on pay day, picture shows and circuses. They say when you've breathed gob smoke you're ruined for empty air, and Shepherds Creek is a lorn place if the Man Above ever fashioned one."

"I'm not of a mind to stay long in a place," Maybird said. "I can't abide content in a valley for wondering what's yonder side of the mountain."

JAMES STILL lives on a mountain farm called Big Log, which he says is "between the waters of Dead Mare Branch and Wolfpen Creek on Little Carr Creek" near Bath, Kentucky. His stories have appeared in a number of magazines, and he has published a novel, *River of Earth* and a book of poems, *Hounds on the Mountain*.

Oh, I've lived in a handful of coal camps — Blue Cannel, Hardblock, Alicecoal, Oxeye. Had I my rather, I'd not stick my feet more than once under any table. In the days of my life I aim to see creation."

"A widow-woman would starve," Trulla argued, "traveling here and yon."

Maybird's face lit. Gold freckles shone on her nose. "My mam taught me to make wax blossoms when a child, window bouquets, mantel dressing and funeral wreaths. Why, I'll earn my way selling false flowers. Turks-cap lilies and roses I pattern would fool butterflies. A sight at a blossom and I can shape its match."

"I've never itched to travel," Trulla said, snatching up the baby and jouncing it nervously. "My longing is for a house with high ceilings and tall windows. But here stands the log pen of a homeseat I married. I'm tied to a man who wants to live the same as his grandsire."

I let pass Trulla's complaint, being proud of the old-timey dwelling which had been in the family more than a hundred years; I kept feasting my eyes on Maybird, and rousing courage to ask her weight.

"It's not my notion to settle down," Maybird went on. "I tire of viewing the same things over and over. Soon I'll be wandering along."

"While you're resting," Trulla suggested, "you might begin to make false flowers. We'll rob our bee gums and have wax in plenty."

Maybird chuckled. "Then I can

start laying-by for travel." She began to laugh. Joy rose in her as cream to the lip of a milk jar. "Only would somebody peddle my bouquets at the camps. Thirty-five cents apiece they ought to bring, forty if the mines are working double shifts."

Trulla's face sharpened. "My man can go sell the flowers. He needs mightily to discover a barber anyhow. He has played Samson long enough."

I squirmed. "A man drumming flowers? To sell wood or garden stuffs, I'd not mind. But peddling wax would be bitter hard. It's not man's work."

Maybird stirred and the hinges of the trunk rasped. She lifted a huge hand. "Just say they're Maybird Upshaw's pattern. Winter blooms for dresser tops. Blossoms to brighten a table, never to fade. They'll remember. Oh, I'd go myself if I could get about handy." She cast a spiteful glance at the narrow door.

I hummed and hawed, and finally to change the subject I upped and asked, "Maybird, how much do you weigh?" I didn't want to hear more about flower peddling. And if Trulla's quick look had been a blade my throat would have been cut.

But Maybird was proud of her size. She tossed her great head. "The day I was born," she related, "I tipped three pounds and a quarter — so tiny I was my mam fetched me about on a pillow. At eighteen years I weighed two hundred and eighty-five on the steelyards, yet for the six past years I've had no way to learn.

The checkweighman's scales at the mines won't register under a thousand. I'm safe to weigh four hundred."

"Your weight might hinder travel," Trulla remarked sadly.

"Now, no," Maybird declared, "I'll go the world around. I'll pass through Cumberland Gap where Dan'l Boone fit the Indians. I'll look on Abe Linkhorn's birthhouse. I've heard afar west the fires of Torment spout from the ground, and the Devil's boiling kettle throws up a steam. I'll see what there is to see."

"You ought to have been a gipsy," I said, "living in a cloth house, traipsing place to place."

Maybird laughed softly. She blushed the mad color of her hair.

II

I walked to Oxeye mine camp the hottest September day in memory; and I felt a dunce carrying a mess of false flowers. But Trulla's one fixed thought was to hurry Maybird's departure before she got too heavy ever to move again. Maybird was gaining weight. It was tuggety-pull to get her through any door.

I knocked at the first house, and I was as scared as the day I married. I brushed my hair under the back brim of my hat. Waiting, I spied about. Camp houses marched the hills. Gob smoke fed into the sky. Babies were crying. Everywhere hung the smell of soot and dishwater.

A beardy fellow cracked the door, his woman crowding behind. I lifted

a bouquet. "Maybird Upshaw —" I began, and my throat frogged.

"The big woman?" he asked. His wife snatched the blossoms. "One thing about the large," she said, "they've got big hearts. Maybird always gave us flowers, ever since we were neighbors. Thank Maybird." The door closed and I got not a chip of money.

A miner came along. I inquired, "Are there double shifts working these days?"

"Yis." He stared as if he had met a witty. "Are you drumming them flowers?"

I dipped my head.

"A carnival has pitched at the ball-ground and folks won't spend a dime elsewheres. Oxeye Camp has gone show-crazy."

I knocked on many a door, not selling a blossom. "For sale?" they would say. "Maybird used to give us a bunch. To my knowledge she never sold a petal—she was that free-hearted." Or, "I've only the price of the carnival, else I'd buy." An old-faced child said, "Maybird is the biggest show ever I seed. I'd bet she weighs a jillion." And she stared at the hair escaping my hat.

In mid-afternoon a woman called after me. She bought a bouquet and paid two dimes and a nickel. "I'll pitch in to help a widow any old time," she said. And then I heard music afar and saw tents on the ball-ground, and a mighty wheel began turning and lights shone in broad day. People hurried by. I followed.

The carnival folk yawned in the sun, blinking like owls. A music engine played. A weight-guesser shouted among a thicket of walking sticks, holding his hat in the crook of an elbow: "I come within three pounds! A gentleman's cane if I miss." Miners and their women and chaps shelled out money to see MAN OR BEAST? and MARVELS OF AMERICA.

I held the flowers behind me, and I asked the guesser a question. "Mister, can you figure a woman's weight, sight unseen?"

He spoke swiftly, "If I've got her measure."

"I'll pay a quarter."

"Hand over. How tall? Broad? Size of shoe?"

I told the best I knew; I spread my arms, holding forth the flowers, though I couldn't circle so great a space as Maybird covered. I took a walking stick and drew on the ground.

The weight-guesser whistled. "She's a big 'un," he cried. "Mr. Gaffney ought to hear about her."

"My belief she's a better view than any you've got here," I bragged.

He jerked his head toward MARVELS OF AMERICA. "We've got a dame weighing four hundred and twenty, but no match to the one you've told of." He clapped the quarter back into my hand, and a ticket besides, and told me to see the show tee-total. "And take a look at Mary Mammoth," he said. He didn't try to guess Maybird's weight.

"I ought to be going," I said, but I stayed to watch the acting dogs; I

saw a fool swallow a sword; a lack-brain ate fire balls; a dark creature slept on a bed of spikes. I saw Mary Mammoth sitting on a low platform, eating a meal. She nibbled a dish of lettuce leaves and drank from a nail hole in a can. She looked puny.

The weight-guesser called me over when I quit the tent. "Shake hands with the boss, Mr. Gaffney," he said. And Mr. Gaffney asked, "What's your opinion of Mary?"

"Fair to middling," I grugged, and I felt a wax petal strike my shoe. The flowers were melting in the heat. "But my wife's sister-in-law dwarfs all womankind — firm-fleshed, red apple cheeks, the picture of life. More pounds to her statue than ever I saw a human pack. Why, it took a two-horse wagon to haul her to Shepheards Creek."

Mr. Gaffney lifted a hand. "The lady belongs in a side show. She'd draw customers like cattle to salt. People delight in seeing nature confounded."

He took my name and got directions to Shepheards Creek, saying, "I'll see your kinswoman before leaving the territory. That's certain."

I set off for home. The flower petals were shrinking and falling away, the wire stems turned to candles. The old-faced child stood at the ballground gate as I went out. She said, "You'd better get your hairs cut ere somebody collars you for a shep dog." I gave a blossom to her and she balled the beeswax and popped it into her mouth. I handed them all to her.

III

Maybird kept gaining weight. Before Mr. Gaffney came it got where she couldn't pass through a door, even after I had stripped it of jamb and facing. We tugged and pulled, shoved and pushed, to no good. Trulla wanted a door sawed larger but I vowed it would ruin the house pattern. The logs were butt-notched and I decided the dwelling would have to be torn down, ridgepole to sleepers, to deliver Maybird. She was as trapped as a fox in a coop.

Trulla worried and grew cross. She would moan to me, "Of what use earthly for the carnival boss to come with Maybird prisoned inside?" And Trulla got hard to live with. The least thing and she took the rag off the bush. I feared to look naturally at Maybird or carry on a human conversation with her lest Trulla fly off the handle. I never could figure out a woman's mind. One time she got the fidgets and took a notion to cut my hair. I did stand in uncommon need of a trimming. But I saw the metal of her eyes, her chin trembling. I inched away, scared to have her near with anything sharp.

The carnival folk came while I was in the barn, spying into a piece of looking glass, trying to crop my temples with mule shears. I heard hoofs rattle stones, a ring of wheels, and a voice cry, "Whoa-ho!"

I hustled across the lot and sprang over the fence. A wagon and team stood in the yard. I heard Mr. Gaff-

ney and the weight-guesser talking to Maybird inside the house. Maybird sighed, "I'm held here everlasting. I can't get out." Mr. Gaffney answered, "I didn't wrestle ferris wheels and cycledromes thirty years for nothing. A way will be found." The weight-guesser agreed.

I went in to make the visitors welcome and offer chairs. Trulla stood back, shut-mouthed, too timid before strangers to practice manners. The first chance I whispered to the weight-guesser, "How much will Maybird pull on the scales?"

The weight-guesser calculated, one eye closed to sharpen his view; he dug fingers into his scalp. "Five hundred and seven," he blurted, "and I've not missed three pounds."

Mr. Gaffney clapped his hands in respect. He inspected the front wall, the locking of the butt-notched logs; he surveyed inside and out. I thought he would decide to enlarge the door, so I suggested, "If you'd fetch over a block and tackle we'll lift her up through the roof. No harm done to tear off a few shingles."

"Ah, no," he said, "bring a crowbar and a hammer." He loosened the facings of the door as I had done. "We'll not damage," he promised, and he got me and the weight-guesser to manage the bar. We thrust it between the bottom log and the sleeper, and prized forward.

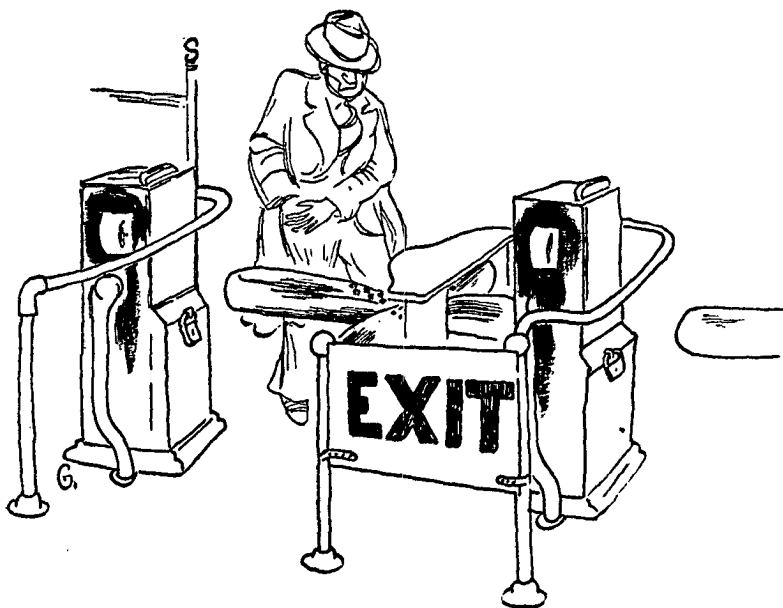
"Easy, easy," Mr. Gaffney begged. I pushed, holding my breath, expecting the wall to tumble. Four logs lifted in their notches, swinging outward,

swinging as a gate. A way stood open. Maybird passed through. We jimmied the logs back into place.

We hoisted Maybird into the wagon. She sat on the wagonbed and laughed, her face bright as a wax blossom, her head rich as the sun.

Mr. Gaffney and the weight-guesser

climbed onto the spring seat, and they rode away. And Trulla began to cry. She clapped a hand on my shoulder and her eyes were the blue of new nails. She got me into the house, found scissors and cut my hair. She whacked and gapped; she skinned me alive.



THE VETERANS ORGANIZATIONS

By A. VICTOR LASKY

WITH twelve million potential new memberships at stake, the veterans organizations are engaged in the biggest competitive recruiting campaign in the nation's history. The old established groups of World War I are easily holding their numerical supremacy. Meanwhile new groups mushroom up by the dozen, most of them seeking members on the basis of particular wartime affiliations. There are numerous divisional associations; organizations for the blind; for holders of the Purple Heart; for Catholics and for Jews; for Negroes; for Greek-, Polish- and Italian-Americans. They represent all shades of political color: conservative and liberal, communist and socialist, and there are some with definitely fascist backgrounds.

Most of the new groups will not be with us long. Their chief hurdle is financial, a good many not being able to find the money even to keep a small office going after a short time. The writer has on file information on more than a hundred would-be organizations which were set up and abandoned within the past two years. One of

them — not by any means typical — was the American Order of Patriots, an outfit apparently patterned on the Ku Klux Klan, with headquarters at Houston, Texas. It was directed by a "Major" Benjamin C. Richards, Jr. The Order was dissolved within two months of its founding, after someone ran off with the funds.

While new groups come and go, the organizations set up after World War I are busily signing up the veterans of World War II. At the moment, the American Legion is leading the field (but not by a very big margin) even though the Veterans of Foreign Wars was the first to recognize the membership possibilities offered by the new Army and got to work as early as 1942. Soldiers who fought on Bataan received VFW propaganda material while the Japs were pushing through their lines. Because the VFW permitted men to join while still in the service, it got a head start on the Legion, which did not adopt this policy until 1945.

The Legion has become deadly serious about recruiting, as was made obvious at its Chicago convention last

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year. There was little of the boisterous horseplay which in former years used to drive local citizens out of town.

How best to enroll the new veteran was the important topic of discussion. Speaker after speaker stressed the belief that the Legion could look forward to still another generation of useful activity, and that this could best be accomplished by making the Legion the organization of the new veteran. There was a mass induction of several hundred new members. Edward N. Scheiberling, the retiring national commander, after referring to the vast properties the organization possessed, told them, "You can take over the Legion and run it."

The Legion, well established financially and politically, points out it can help the young man just out of service: for example, it can fix him up with a nice loan under the "GI Bill of Rights," for the passage of which, incidentally, the Legion takes sole credit. With a post in nearly every whistle stop, the Legion has another great advantage: when the veteran returns to his small town, the local post is able to see to it that he's greeted like a returning hero — by the American Legion.

Such tactics have paid off well. The Legion now claims a membership of 2,500,000, of which 1,500,000 are said to be men and women of World War II. There is no way of checking this claim, but it is fairly certain that the Legion has succeeded in attracting the bulk of those who have joined any veterans group.

The Legion was conceived in 1919 in Paris by a group of officers which included the late Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. It has always had War Department approval. For years it was the power behind the Veterans Administration. During the twenties the Legion lobbied for a bonus for the ex-doughboys, finally succeeding after a hectic "march on Washington." During the thirties the Legion worked at a campaign to "Americanize" the American people. Millions of dollars were poured into the Legion's Americanization Committee, headed by the late Homer Chaillaux, whose main claim to fame was his talent for ferreting out so-called "un-American" textbooks to be placed on a banned list. The irresponsibility of the Americanization Committee's anti-communist crusade has given way in later years to a more discriminating approach. The department, still a money-eater, now has leaders who can distinguish between a Russia-firster and a Norman Thomas disciple.

Almost as conservative as the Legion, but without the Legion's big-time connections, is the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The VFW prides itself on being a more "exclusive" organization because, unlike the Legion, it accepts only men who have seen service overseas. It now boasts some 1,600,000 members of whom 1,300,000 fought in World War II. Here again, there is no way of checking the accuracy of membership figures. Arguing that overseas veterans deserve higher remuneration than those who

"sat out the war" in the United States, the VFW is currently boosting a bonus bill which would favor the overseas veteran.

Actually the VFW works hand-in-glove with the Legion. In general, the two stand for the same things, and they have issued joint statements endorsing compulsory military training for the nation's youth, opposing immigration and so on.

Another established group which, with the VFW and the Legion, makes up the "Big Three" of veterans groups, is the Disabled American Veterans, which claims a membership of 100,000, more than half World War II veterans. Like its competitors, DAV is campaigning hard; its publicity is being handled by a high-powered Chicago firm. It isn't necessary to be a battlefield casualty to join DAV. Any "service-connected disability"—and that includes, for example, rheumatism—means eligibility. The writer knows of one ex-GI who had been invited to join on the basis of a wrist fractured while in service. It was in good shape again at the time of the invitation.

Another established, but less known, organization which seeks to aid the disabled is the Military Order of the Purple Heart, which, as its name indicates, is open only to those who have been awarded the Purple Heart.

To handle the special problems of blinded veterans whether of World War I or II, the Blinded Veterans Association was formed, with headquarters at Avon, Connecticut. Ray-

mond Frey, its president, says his organization hopes to convince the public that sightless men can be useful on many jobs. The organization also acts as a clearing house for jobs suitable for blind veterans.

Some mention must also be made of the Army and Navy Union, today the oldest active organization for veterans. It was founded in 1886, and takes in veterans from all wars. It functions chiefly as a fraternal organization; its political orientation is conservative.

II

The new veterans organization believed to be the most powerful is the American Veterans of World War II, better known as Amvets. With an estimated 90,000 members, Amvets is generally considered a junior American Legion. It has a similar setup with national and state commanders. Post meetings are conducted in semi-military fashion.

Amvets represents a consolidation of a dozen small groups which combined in December, 1944 at Kansas City, Missouri. One of the organizers was a retired brigadier general, H. C. Holdridge, who helped write the organization's statement calling for "a world that will guarantee jobs and security for all our returning veterans and for all America's men and women able and willing to work." The first year of Amvets' existence is characterized in its own literature as "a tough one . . . marked by many

organizational headaches." Some indication of what these headaches were can be found in a confidential report to members of the organization's national executive committee, signed by Jack W. Hardy, its national commander: "When I learned at Chicago of the confusion that existed within the organization," Hardy says, "the negligence with which its affairs had been handled, the influence of complete 'outsiders' who had a direct financial interest in Amvets, the lack of coordination between officers, the bungling and complete mess into which its affairs had degenerated, I wondered if it was worth the effort." He went on to discuss the various arrangements entered into by certain of Amvets officers "relating to the raising of money, publishing papers, making Amvet insignia. . . ."

Other headaches faced by the organization were controversial issues on politics and labor which the national office consistently dodged. The national officers felt that to take a stand on such matters would only alienate prospective members. But they did come to the fore at Amvets' 1945 national convention in Chicago which was attended by 300 delegates who got down to business at once. A resolution opposing application of the closed-shop principle to veterans was voted down after heated debate. Thereupon the Texas delegation charged that the convention was dominated by "radical elements." Holdridge, in turn, assailed the dele-

gates for refusing to accept what he called "a more positive program" on social questions, and announced his resignation.

Amvets' leadership does not as yet know what it wants except that it wants to enroll as many members as possible. In various localities throughout the country it is busy raising funds to be used to train future leaders of the organization.

Soon after Holdridge resigned from Amvets, he associated himself with a group called the Veterans League of America. The League is a small organization with 10,000 members at most, and is concentrated in New York. It accepts Merchant Marine veterans as well as those who served in the regular armed forces. The League is dominated by socialists of the Norman Thomas variety. Holdridge himself is a socialist, which makes him a rare graduate of West Point. As legislative adviser of the League, he has appeared before several congressional committees, and has bitterly castigated the Army judicial system and the West Point educational system which, he argues, endeavors to perpetuate "the Army caste system, class consciousness and class barriers."

The League's program brings it close to the American Veterans Committee, but with one big difference: the League draws a sharp line against admission of communists.

The American Veterans Committee is the organization receiving the lion's share of publicity these days.

It is the second most powerful group to come from the ranks of World War II servicemen. On the communist question the organization officially is equivocal. As Charles Bolte, the AVC national chairman, put it to the writer: "We don't like the communists. We don't want them in our organization. But we can't keep them out if they want to join. For that matter anyone who subscribes to our statement of principles is allowed to sign up."

The statement to which Bolte referred was an outline of what AVC stands for: United States participation in the United Nations, jobs for all veterans "under a system of private enterprise," and social and economic measures which will remove the causes of war. Today, with its 60,000 members, the AVC is a far cry from the organization of four years ago. Then it amounted to a group of widely-scattered servicemen writing each other round-robin letters discussing the need for a "liberal" veterans organization to combat the "reactionary" American Legion. Bolte, who had fought with the British and had lost a leg at El Alamein, decided with several others in 1943 that the time was ripe for such an organization, one that would be the complete antithesis of the Legion.

The AVC's original program was best expressed in Bolte's slogan: "Citizens first, veterans second." Bolte believed that jobs were more important than bonuses to help along the veterans' integration into the com-

munity. The AVC permits none of the semi-military procedures characteristic of other veterans groups. It is conducted in strictly civilian fashion, no saluting and no flag waving. Local groups are called chapters instead of posts. Many well-knowns are in its ranks, including Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., chairman of its housing committee; Bill Mauldin, the cartoonist; Ronald Reagan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the actors; Audie L. Murphy, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor; and Oren Root, Jr., Willkie's aide in 1940.

As an organization that allows more freedom of expression to its membership than other veterans groups, AVC would, at first glance, appear an easy target for communist penetration. Strangely enough, it was unmolested until recently. At first the Veterans Department of the Communist party strongly opposed AVC and told all good comrades to join the Legion. Said the *Daily Worker*: "We communist veterans disagree with Mr. Bolte's deprecation of the Legion. . . . We communists strive for the greatest unity of veterans which at present finds expression by going into the major established veterans organizations. The Legion is growing and all encouragement should be given it. . . ." So the communist veterans proceeded openly to approach the Legion while the Legion's headquarters sent a warning letter to all posts to be on the lookout and urged the exclusion of communists.

In April, the communist position on AVC was suddenly altered, and it was decided to move into the AVC. Within weeks, at AVC meetings in New York charges began to be heard that the AVC leadership consisted of "red baiters" attempting to keep out veterans who were members of the Communist party. So far the organization has successfully withstood the communist onslaught. National interest was drawn to the AVC convention held in June at Des Moines, where the communists made a concerted effort to move into the leadership. They failed utterly, not being able even to win election to a vice-presidency for one of their candidates. The convention was in other ways a good indication of the road the AVC hopes to travel. Among other things, it spoke up against Jim-Crowism, and dramatically got action against a restaurant which refused to serve several Negro delegates; it endorsed international cooperation; and most important in the domestic field, it took a firm stand against a national veterans' bonus.

Bolte and his co-leaders hope to keep the communist issue more or less dormant until they have enrolled a million members. Currently they are conducting a campaign to raise \$1,000,000 for this purpose.

Veterans groups with membership qualifications based on racial or religious backgrounds include the Catholic War Veterans and the Jewish War Veterans of the United States. Both groups exist "to meet

special problems not common to all veterans," their spokesmen explain.

Within the Jewish community objections have lately been raised to JWV for the first time in its fifty-two years. A group of chaplains meeting under the auspices of the Reconstructionist Foundation, a reformed religious group, recently put on record their objection to it as a sectarian group, arguing that other veterans organizations are adequate to meet the needs of all veterans, regardless of race or creed. The mere existence of the organization is an argument refuting anti-Semitic slanders, JWV leaders assert in reply to criticism of this kind, because "JWV posts, participating as units in public celebrations, patriotic exercises, national holiday observances, are a constant reminder of the loyal and heroic rôle played by Jewish men in the defense of our country."

The United Negro and Allied Veterans of America, organized not long ago in Chicago, hopes to recruit "the nation's nearly 1,000,000 Negro veterans of World War II . . . fast becoming the forgotten men of America's program of reconversion to peace. The Negro veteran of this war is, as a result of his war experiences, an awakened, articulate being. He is determined to secure the things for which he fought and to enjoy without reservation the benefits of democracy which he helped defend." The organizing convention of this new group was attended by a number of white delegates representing such organiza-

tions as the International Workers' Order, the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and the Communist party.

III

No Protestant organizations comparable to the Catholic and Jewish groups exist. There is a group calling itself the Protestant War Veterans of America, but it has no connection with any Protestant denomination. It is headed by Edward James Smythe, a defendant in the 1944 sedition trials, and accepts only "white gentiles of the Protestant faith." Anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic and anti-Negro, the organization's aim is to "protect the Protestant majority from the communist minority," by "counterrevolution" if necessary. It is a one-man organization and dormant at present.

Much more active in behalf of domestic fascism is the so-called Christian Veterans of America, headed by Frederick Kister, a thirty-one-year-old Chicago protégé of Gerald L. K. Smith. This organization is part of Smith's periphery of nationalist, America-First organizations. From what this writer saw at a recent dinner given by the Christian Veterans in honor of Arthur Terminiello, the suspended priest who is chaplain of the group, this seems to be an organization with few veterans in it.

But the group's importance should not be underestimated. Smith is undoubtedly aware of the possibilities

inherent in the nation's youth, especially if there is a depression with consequent social dislocations. He said several years ago that his "time will come in the postwar period — in the election of 1948. The candidate will not be myself. He will be a young veteran of this war. But, I'll be behind him. If business conditions are bad with inflation, widespread unemployment and farm foreclosures, then my candidate will be elected and the extreme nationalists will come to power."

The first veterans group Smith organized was the Nationalist Veterans of World War II, headed by George Vose. As it later turned out, Vose was indeed a veteran but one who had been court-martialed on charges of selling passes to soldiers in his company and also for disposing of government property. Smith dropped him and then bound Kister, who advocates a bonus of \$2500 for every veteran, the "destruction of communism" and America First.

There are other veterans groups organized for reactionary aims, but most of them operate at cross purposes, making for confusion and rivalry among themselves. Joe McWilliams, the former Yorkville "fuehrer," not at present in the public eye, once had a scheme he called the Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan. It would have given every ex-GI \$7800 in mustering out pay. But McWilliams isn't accepted socially by Gerald L. K. Smith or Kister, and anyway he would probably prefer to operate on his own and for himself.

MR. BERNARD SHAW REGRETS . .

By F. E. LOEWENSTEIN

ALMOST everybody who is an Irish man, a vegetarian, an autograph collector or an anti-vivisectionist seems at some time or other to have had the urge to write to Bernard Shaw. For many years his post bag has been enormous, and when he has taken a characteristic part in controversial matters like phonetic spelling or women's suffrage, compulsory vaccination or teetotalism, it has mounted to high peaks. Thousands of letters have naturally been attracted by his steadfast battle for political and social measures, some of which seemed unattainable at first and are now commonplace (two of them have been embodied in special Acts of Parliament at his suggestion).

Like the Duke of Wellington, Shaw has always made a practice of reading every letter he receives, and he has the same fancy occasionally for snapping out a retort instead of a formal reply. But as it became impossible for him to answer all his letters, or even to have them answered, he fell back on the business

habits acquired during four years as chief cashier to a private banker in Dublin, and had forms printed to meet the most frequent cases. The first notable one of the series, printed in 1915, was to acknowledge the support he received on the publication of his *Common Sense About the War*, which infuriated many people at the time.

Shaw's form replies are all on postcards. The first ones were printed on the thin penny postcards issued by the postoffice in those happy days; since then they have been printed on privately purchased cards of different colors, for quick reference by his secretaries.

One of the early forms, printed on the ordinary postcard — and showing his telegraphic address, "SOCIALIST PARL-LONDON" — was for editors:

Mr. Bernard Shaw regrets that he is unable to undertake any extra literary work at present. His time is filled for months to come.

Some time later another one connected with applications from the

F. E. LOEWENSTEIN now lives in George Bernard Shaw's home at Ayot St. Lawrence, but before taking up residence there he had to overcome the author's strong prejudice against him for having founded the Shaw Society, which G.B.S. was afraid would become a nuisance to him. Dr. Loewenstein acts as bibliographer and remembrancer, a Boswell to the playwright and political-social thinker whose ninetieth birthday the Western world celebrated in July of this year.

press was produced, on a blue-grey card:

Mr. Bernard Shaw is obliged to remind correspondents who seek to interview him for publication that as he is himself a professional journalist, he naturally prefers to communicate with the public through the press at first hand. He is willing, when time permits, to answer written questions *when they happen to be interesting as current news and can be answered in twenty words or less*; but he receives personal visits only on the understanding that his conversation is not to be reported.

Twelve years of public speaking made Shaw one of the most popular orators in Great Britain. This explained a pink card, as follows:

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is not and never has been a professional lecturer, is obliged by advancing years to restrict his personal activities on the platform to special and exceptional occasions, mostly of a political kind. He therefore begs secretaries of societies to strike his name from their lists of available speakers. Mr. Shaw does not open exhibitions or bazaars, take the chair, speak at public dinners, give his name as vice-president or patron, *make appeals for money on behalf of hospitals or "good causes" (however deserving)*, nor do any ceremonial public work; and he begs his correspondents to excuse him accordingly.

More curt and more pointed is the following one, unlike all the others in not having the text neatly arranged in a panel. It is printed in large type and in the middle of the card, as if Shaw was anxious to achieve all possible emphasis:

Please do not ask Mr. Bernard Shaw for money. He has not enough to help the large number of his readers who are in urgent need of it. He can write for you: he cannot finance you.

Shaw resolutely refuses to engage in what he calls "the trade in presents." The innumerable gifts he has received are not always acknowledged; but a biscuit-colored card occasionally rewards a lucky donor:

Mr. Bernard Shaw, though he is always glad to receive interesting letters or books, seldom has time to acknowledge them; for his correspondence has increased to such an extent that he must either give up writing private letters or give up writing anything else. Under the circumstances he hopes that writers of unanswered letters and unthanked friendly donors of books and other presents will forgive him.

Shaw has always been a favorite subject for the attentions of autograph collectors. Here is what they provoked, on a blue card:

Mr. Bernard Shaw is often requested by correspondents not personally known to him to inscribe his name in copies of his books which they offer to send for that purpose. No doubt many of these requests are made in good faith and are appreciated by him as such. But if he were to comply he would be immediately overwhelmed by applications from speculators anxious to get rich quickly by purchasing his books at shop prices and selling them at the fancy prices which autographed copies command. He is therefore obliged to reserve his autograph for volumes which are his spontaneous personal gift and begs you to excuse him accordingly.

But this was much too civil for autograph beggars pure and simple, who, until they ceased to be answered at all, risked the following rebuff (which those who sent stamped envelopes or reply-paid telegrams were spared), because they contributed substantially to his telephone and postage bills:

It may interest collectors of autographs to know that Mr. Bernard Shaw does not regard requests by strangers for his signature as legitimate collecting. He signs enough genuine documents every day to give collectors ample material for the proper exercise of their peculiar industry. His secretary has instructions to return all albums and refuse all applications which ignore this distinction.

For those who asked Shaw to read manuscripts there was printed:

Mr. Bernard Shaw is frequently asked to read unpublished manuscripts and pass judgment on them. As he has never been employed by publishers to do this his opinion can be of no service to the authors, and might possibly mislead them seriously. Nor has he any time to spare for such activities. He is therefore obliged, in the interest of the writers of the manuscripts no less than his own, to make it a rule to read published books only.

An amusing pale buff card, answering those who perhaps rather artlessly asked him to contribute prefaces to their unpublished works, reads as follows:

Mr. Bernard Shaw is often asked to contribute prefaces to unpublished works. Sometimes the applicants add that a few words will be sufficient. This obliges him to call attention to the fact that his prefaces owe their value in the literary market to the established expectation of book purchasers that they will prove substantial and important works in themselves. The disappointment of this expectation in a single instance would destroy that value.

A request for a preface by him is therefore a request for a gift of some months of hard professional work. When this is appreciated it will be seen that even with the best disposition towards his correspondents it is not possible for Mr. Shaw to oblige them in this particular manner.

There are other cards in the series, dealing with special subjects like Shaw's advocacy of phonetic spelling and the provision in his will for funds to promote adoption of a new British alphabet of forty-four letters.

The most recent card is again white (with green imprint) as though the gamut of colors obtainable had been run through. It reads like a card to put an end to all cards:

Mr. Bernard Shaw, having now no time for any except the most urgent private correspondence, must refer you to the Founder of the Shaw Society, Dr. F. E. Loewenstein, 7, Harrington Square, London, N.W.1., who is better informed on many points than Mr. Shaw himself, and will be pleased to be of assistance.

Every card in the Shaw series has an ample margin for a snappish retort or a witty comment; and Shaw does not spare them, although he professes to be severely restrained by the fact that the comment costs him an extra three halfpence in postage and enriches the often undeserving recipient by at least ten shillings.

*P*HYSIANS, of all men, are most happy; whatever good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth, and whatever faults they commit, the earth covereth.

—FRANCIS QUARLES

ARNALL OF GEORGIA — AND '48

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

HARDLY a doubt remains in the minds of political observers that Ellis Arnall, Governor of Georgia, is playing for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination in 1948. More than that, some think he has a fair chance of making it. Hence the nation is becoming interested in the question that has been agitating Georgia for the past ten years — is Arnall merely smart, or is he really intelligent?

That he is smart is beyond debate. Any man who could snatch Eugene Talmadge's constituency from that prince of demagogues is wide awake. A man who could do it without blatant demagoguery is very wide awake. Arnall has taken the Georgia crackers into his own camp and has kept them there, without emitting a single squall in the Talmadge manner, without spitting tobacco juice in any direction, and without even cursing the Negro. It is no small achievement.

Nor is that all. Again and again Arnall has snatched profitable issues from under the very noses of the lords

of Georgia politics, issues that they could have used to their own advantage had they been perceptive enough to discern their value. A few of them were liberal issues and therefore of no use to the frock-coated, painfully respectable and highly reactionary politicians in the group led by Senator George. But many of them, including some of the most spectacularly successful, had nothing to do with liberalism, but were simply first-rate vote-catchers for any politician alert enough to pick them up. Arnall's reform of the penal system, for example, was humanitarian, but it also saved the state some money; and saving money is not commonly associated with political liberalism. The readjustment of the budget system, the payment of the state debt, the fight for lower freight rates and even the repeal of the poll tax are all issues that might well have been championed by the stoutest conservative; yet they were left to Arnall, and they have brought him votes by thousands.

GERALD W. JOHNSON, formerly of the *Baltimore Sun*, is a frequent writer on various national topics for magazines; author of more than a dozen volumes in American political history, including biographies of Andrew Jackson, Randolph of Roanoke and a study of Franklin D. Roosevelt; and amateur musician, whose career as flute-player in a neighborhood orchestra is recorded in *A Little Night-Music*. His latest book is *An Honorable Titan, a biographical study of Adolph S. Ochs*.

There is more, much more, to the story but this is enough to demonstrate Arnall's cleverness. It is not enough, however, to prove conclusively that he is really intelligent. A politician who is merely smart can perceive the popularity of certain issues before his slower-witted rivals do; and a politician who is merely smart will always advocate what he knows will be popular. Real intelligence, on the other hand, involves perception of what is not necessarily popular, but essentially sound, and the ability to present it to the voters in such a manner as to make it popular with them.

Of all the activities that have brought Arnall conspicuously before the public, only three are inconsistent with the theory that he is merely somewhat more alert, intellectually, than the run-of-the-mine politician. On the other hand, nothing he has done is inconsistent with the theory that he is something more than smart. The evidence, therefore, while not impressive in bulk, is all on the side of the theory that he takes a longer view than do most men in his position; and if his vision proves to be as accurate as it is far-ranging, he is unquestionably a significant figure.

II

There are three items in the Arnall record that one would not expect from a man who is a slick duck and no more: first, he restored academic freedom to the University of Georgia;

second, he lowered the voting age to eighteen; third, as though bent on political suicide, he supported Henry Wallace at the Democratic National Convention of 1944.

Northern liberals will cry out in shocked amazement that this list omits Arnall's abolition of the poll tax in Georgia. But in the South opposition to the poll tax is no proof of liberalism. Some of the rankest reactionaries between the Potomac and the Mississippi freely admit that the poll tax is an anachronism profitable only to machine politicians, and profitable to them only because, by cutting down the total vote, it makes their calculations and manipulations simpler. It isn't only the poll tax that keeps Southern Negroes from voting: it is the hopelessness of their voting *en bloc*, since that would only solidify the white majority, and what some regard as the futility of their voting any other way. North Carolina abolished the poll tax a quarter of a century ago, and thousands of Negroes cast ballots there; but they vote simply as Democrats or Republicans; there is no Negro vote as such in that state.

Governor Arnall himself denies that he demanded abolition of the poll tax on liberal principles; he says it was a matter of plain common sense. The poll tax was yielding practically no revenue to the state treasury and it called down on Georgia an immense amount of opprobrium. A tax measure that produces nothing but abuse is a bad measure in the Governor's opin-

ion; and not only liberals but sensible conservatives share that opinion.

The case of the University of Georgia, however, is in a different category. Here Arnall assumed a definite risk without much hope of immediate profit. The case is too recent to require a detailed account; the pertinent facts are these. The University had been controlled by a board of seven men appointed by the governor. When Talmadge held the office he packed the board with his own henchmen, who proceeded to harry and harass every faculty member suspected of liberal leanings, especially in the matter of race relations. At last a couple of dismissals for flagrantly political reasons brought down upon the institution the wrath of the American Association of Colleges and Universities. The University lost its accredited standing and acquired the disgust of educated people everywhere.

When Arnall succeeded Talmadge he could have gained the support of the University and its alumni merely by appointing a reasonable board of his own choosing, which any smart politician would have done. But he went further. By means of a series of statutory and constitutional changes he put it beyond the power of any governor — which is to say, beyond his own power — to bring political pressure to bear on the University with respect to details of its internal administration.

This did not win him a single additional vote, at the moment, and it

was regarded sourly by old-line politicians who hate to see power surrendered. But it was a course approved by thoughtful men, whose memories are longer than those of the bulk of the electorate. Ten years hence thoughtful men will still be citing this act in Arnall's favor. It was sound policy, and in the long run sound policy pays; a keen appreciation of this fact is the difference between a smart politician and one who is really intelligent.

Reduction of the voting age to eighteen is not so patently sound. It was brought about, in fact, by the pressure of wartime emotion. The argument was that a boy old enough to be sent to war at eighteen is old enough to have a voice in choosing the men who decide the issue of peace or war. The argument has doubtful validity and it should be noted that even today in Georgia a boy does not reach full legal age at eighteen. He cannot sue or be sued in his own name, act as guardian or convey real estate until he is twenty-one. Nevertheless, an age differential for different civic functions does have precedents. That same boy cannot and never could sit in the national House of Representatives until he is twenty-five, in the Senate until he is thirty, or in the White House until he is thirty-five. The Constitution of the United States recognizes the principle of gradual maturity.

Regardless of the basic wisdom involved in lowering the voting age, here again Arnall acted with an eye to

the future. In supporting the measure, he naturally calculated on its immediate advantage to him, but there is no doubt that he was figuring far ahead as well. Whether he figured well or badly is another matter.

It is the third item of the three mentioned above, however, that gives Arnall a position extraordinary indeed for a Southern Democrat. Commanding the whole Georgia delegation, he fought, bled and died for Henry Wallace at Chicago in 1944.

III

The full significance of Arnall's support of Wallace is not to be appreciated without some knowledge of the Georgian's background. In the first place, Ellis Gibbs Arnall is anything but a proletarian. He is the American equivalent of the scion of a European noble house. At present there are six branches of the Arnall family, and at Newnan, the governor's birthplace, they rule an industrial satrapy of no mean extent. They are textile barons of substantial means, though none of them has a fortune to compare with Henry Ford's.

The governor's father is not one of the richest of the Arnalls, but he was able to give his son an excellent education and to assist him when he hung out his shingle as a newly-fledged lawyer at Newnan in 1931. Ellis Arnall was then twenty-four years old and in an enviable position. Some of the legal work of the family cotton mills was certain to come his way, and

if he demonstrated ability he might reasonably expect in time to receive the bulk of it. A five-figure income was within easy reach, and with his ability and energy he could be sure of attaining affluence early in life.

Why he yielded all this to enter politics his kinsmen have never quite understood; at first their disgust was extreme and candidly expressed. The brilliance of his subsequent success has silenced them, but it probably has not convinced all of them. However, the situation illustrates one phase of the governor's character — he is a man of great self-confidence, who cannot easily be driven into distrust of his own judgment by the advice of his elders, no matter how respectable or eminent.

Arnall won his first political office — membership in the state House of Representatives — in 1933 when Georgia had just elected as governor the celebrated Eugene Talmadge, a tobacco-chewing, Negro-baiting, rabble-rousing politician who makes Mississippi's Bilbo look almost Chesterfieldian by comparison. Talmadge was a skillful campaigner and pessimists feared that he would hold Georgia as firmly and for as many years as Huey Long held Louisiana. Yet precisely ten years later, in 1943, the young man from Newnan took the state away from him.

The story of how it was done is long, gaudy, extremely complicated and filled with lusty humor. Some future historian may find in Arnall's triumph an amazing and diverting

commentary on American politics, but it is enough here to say that it was done with great aplomb, great suavity and downright fabulous skill, considering that the practitioner of the art was only thirty-six years old when he triumphed. Take note of that skill, for it lends piquancy to the story of 1944.

Arnall has made a very fine governor indeed. He took advantage of wartime prosperity to pay off the state's floating indebtedness, thereby winning the decorous applause of the bankers. He rescued the University from politics, thereby commanding the praise of the intellectuals. In the matter of freight rates, instead of continuing the appeal — fruitless for generations — to the Interstate Commerce Commission, he adopted the startling legal device of suing twenty-one railroads for conspiring against the state and induced the Supreme Court to agree to hear the case; and thereby he won the loud huzzas of merchants and manufacturers and the somewhat alarmed respect of the lawyers. He abolished the poll tax, allowing poor whites, in practice, and Negroes, in theory, to vote, thereby drawing whoops of delight not only from crackers but also from Northern liberals. His forthright stand against the Ku Klux Klan, coupled with immediate and effective action against its recent well publicized revival, deservedly won him cheers from all parts of the country. He revamped the state constitution, giving it a slightly more democratic and very

much more businesslike cast, which pleased everybody, except, perhaps, a few machine politicians. Yet with all this, taxes have gone down instead of up.

These, and a dozen lesser reforms, look fine in the record, and yet Governor Arnall has another accomplishment unheralded by his admirers but perhaps more important in establishing his power than any or all of these. Ever since he occupied the governor's chair he has given Georgia a continuous three-ring circus with never a dull moment; and he has done it without ever using the word "nigger" and without denouncing the Pope, the Elders of Zion, Stalin or the reptile press. A governor who can keep the voters vastly entertained without thundering defiance of anybody, even newspapers, is a novelty for Georgians; but they find, perhaps to their own surprise, that they love it.

This is the man who went down with all hands when Wallace was sunk — a smartly-turned-out, almost dapper, young fellow, of medium height, on the stocky side, showing no traces of age yet except that his dark hair is retreating pretty far up his high, domed forehead; the sort of man you find by dozens in any New York luncheon club frequented by junior business executives. He has a bit of a Southern drawl, but there's nothing slow about his wits. If Ellis Arnall is a frenetic leader of lost causes, a starry-eyed idealist, or a wild-eyed fanatic, then Kelly is a Chinaman. Yet he went down with Wallace.

So what? Well, the smartest of politicians makes a fatal mistake eventually, and maybe that was Arnall's. This deponent, however, is betting no money whatever on that theory, for an alternative theory will account for the facts just as well.

IV

Consider the situation today. Arnall, being a Southerner, is ineligible for the presidency — not in theory, to be sure, but in fact. A Southerner might, however, be nominated for the second office if the party needed him badly enough.

There is increasing reason to believe that the Democratic Party may need one in 1948. The backbone of Democratic strength is the coalition of the Big Three — the Solid South, the metropolitan bosses and organized labor. Western farmers sometimes come in, but even Roosevelt found them utterly unreliable. To be sure of victory, the party must maintain the coalition.

Truman obviously must be renominated if the party is not to repudiate its own record. The party's only chance to strengthen the ticket, therefore, is in the nomination of Truman's running mate. Additional strength is becoming increasingly important, for the Republicans today are much more hopeful than they have been for years, and unless they are completely blasted in the 1946 congressional elections — a most improbable event — they will go into the campaign of 1948 well

fortified for battle. The Democrats are likely to need the strongest ticket they can put up; elementary prudence dictates the choice of a vice-presidential candidate who is strong where the presidential candidate is weakest.

The President's weakest points are — that is, they are as of 1946 — his relations with the South and with labor. He has on his hands an open rebellion of Southern Democratic senators who have combined with the Republicans to defeat a large part of his program. In 1928 Al Smith demonstrated that it is possible for the Democrats to lose the South; in that year five of its states went for Hoover. It is also true that in any of his four campaigns, Roosevelt could have given the electoral vote of all eleven of the Southern states to his opponent without losing; but his warmest admirers do not consider Truman a campaigner of Rooseveltian stature. It is advisable, therefore, that something be done to appease the rebels, provided it can be done without sacrificing too much elsewhere.

At the same time Truman's grip on organized labor has been badly shaken. Furthermore, Truman has made almost as clean a sweep in eliminating the original Roosevelt men from office as Stalin did in purging the old Bolsheviks; but, unfortunately for his position, his old Bolsheviks were merely fired, not shot. Ickes, for example, is far from dead, and many others retain their power of speech. Any Democratic move in 1948 that would tend to

hold labor in line and at least muffle the more radical New Dealers would be a profitable one.

Henry Wallace is loathed by conservative Southerners and idolized by labor and the New Dealers. The Southern senators now in rebellion may not have much more liking for Arnall than they have for Wallace, but the rank and file of the voters are enthusiastic for him, and were he nominated for the second office their sectional pride would double their enthusiasm.

At the same time, Arnall is notoriously the friend of Wallace, so his nomination would tend to placate labor and the New Dealers. His Southern birth would alienate those sections which are still voting for U. S. Grant, but it happens that the G.A.R. vote is largely concentrated in the Middle West, and possibly Maine and Vermont; but that is all Republican territory anyhow. As the situation stands in 1946, Arnall looks distinctly a possibility; so if he committed political suicide in 1944 he is the liveliest cadaver in all necrology.

It may be objected that Arnall isn't the only man who meets the requirements of the present situation. There is, for example, Senator Pepper of Florida. To disabuse one's mind of that illusion it is necessary only to speak to a Southern businessman. Pepper is a howling New Dealer, scarcely less distasteful to Southern Chambers of Commerce than Wallace himself. On the other hand, all, absolutely all, that these people hold

against Arnall is his support of Wallace at Chicago. Nor is Pepper anything like as strong as Arnall with the rank and file in such states as Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. These three states, together with Georgia, have forty-nine electoral votes against Florida's eight.

All this, to be sure, is highly tentative. It is the situation as it exists two years before the nominating convention, and there is no assurance that it will continue to exist even until tomorrow morning.

Regardless of whatever specific destiny the future may hold for Ellis Arnall, however, his present status indicates that he cannot be dismissed as merely a startling and interesting but transitory episode in Georgia politics. As of today, he must be taken seriously. There is no doubt at all that he is one of the smartest politicians the South has produced in many years, and there is very considerable doubt that he is to be classified among politicians. A politician who is more than smart, one who combines vision with cleverness, rises into the category of statesmen. Arnall may be one.

Finally, if I may be permitted to tag on at the end of an objective survey a mere opinion, it is my belief that Arnall voted for Wallace simply because he considered him the best man for the job. However, to accuse an American politician of voting his honest conviction is so startling a charge that I put it forward diffidently and without insistence.

FACTS ABOUT GALL BLADDER DISEASE

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

IT HAS become an axiom in medical circles that the patient who is "fat and forty" and who complains of indigestion is either harboring gallstones or, at least, has a poorly functioning gall bladder. To this axiom, Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, distinguished gastroenterologist of the Mayo Clinic, has recently added the significant corollary that gall bladder trouble must certainly be suspected in the middle-aged matron who can't wait to get home from her afternoon tea (with its rich desserts) so that she can loosen her girdle and thereby relieve her gaseous distress. This is not meant to imply that women have a monopoly on cholecystitis (the doctor's word for "inflamed gall bladder") or gallstones. These diseases are more common in women than in men, it is true, but they are not wholly restricted to the female sex. Gall bladder disease is far more prevalent than is generally suspected and it reaches dangerously and insidiously into the lives of many persons, men as well as women.

Statistics vary somewhat as to the

exact incidence of gall bladder troubles. Generally speaking, various autopsy examinations place the figure at about 10 to 20 per cent of all adults studied. One authority states: "One in every ten adults has gallstones and at least one more has cholecystitis without stones." In 1650 cases of indigestion or upper abdominal pain, gall bladder pathology was demonstrated in more than 50 per cent. Some experts, indeed, feel that stones or malfunctions of the gall bladder are the most common cause of symptoms in the upper abdomen. Where there are feelings of fullness after eating, symptoms of "gas" or "indigestion," intolerance of certain foods, pains under the ribs, there especially is the likelihood of discovering maladies of the gall bladder.

Yet it is surprising that the gall bladder is the seat of so much trouble considering its small size and its minor rôle in the body economy. Lying against the liver and just under the lowest ribs of the front of the right chest, it is a pear-shaped organ three or four inches in length. Ordi-

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narily, when it is not blown up by infection or stuffed solid with stones, it cannot be felt on the routine abdominal examination. It is too small. The amount of bile contained within the gall bladder varies with the digestive processes but it is almost never more than an ounce or two under usual conditions.

Contrary to some popular misconceptions, the gall bladder does not manufacture bile. It merely stores the bitter fluid, concentrates it, and delivers it into the intestine at the suitable stage of digestion. Bile is created largely by the liver cells and, as it leaves the liver, it is a thin, golden solution. After it has been stored in the gall bladder, it loses much of its water content and becomes transformed into a thick, viscous, greenish concoction. The chemical constituents of normal bile have not all been precisely isolated but it is known to be a complex mixture of bile salts, bile pigments, cholesterol and other ingredients.

Each day the liver secretes between one pint and three pints of liver bile but this output does not reach the intestines in a continuous, uninterrupted flow. First it is stored and concentrated in the gall bladder. By and large, it is only when there are suitable foodstuffs or chemicals in the intestinal tract, especially fats, that bile pours into the general stream of digestion. There exists a delicately balanced, trigger-like mechanism between the intestines and the gall bladder and when fats or some other foods

touch this mechanism off, the gall bladder contracts and squirts its contents of stored bile into the mixture of foods. In a way the gall bladder solves a problem in logistics. It gets the bile to the food at the optimum moment for digestion in the way an army gets its supplies to the infantry in time of battle. But, even as battles are sometimes won by inadequately equipped troops, so digestion can proceed even if the gall bladder is wholly absent.

The function of bile primarily is to enhance the digestion of fats. For some fats, indeed, digestion cannot proceed at all without the presence of bile. But — here is the point that must be stressed — bile does not necessarily mean *gall bladder* bile; *liver* bile is apparently equally effective even though it is less concentrated. That is why the surgical removal of the gall bladder does *not* deprive the body of a vital organ. As a matter of fact, certain animals such as the deer, rat and horse have no gall bladder and seem to get along. To put it somewhat differently, the function of the gall bladder in digestion is not indispensable; it is merely useful.

Since ancient times the secretion of bile has been a source of medical speculation and theory. Babylonian and Assyrian priests explored the gall bladder and bile for purposes of divination. Later, Greek physicians postulated that all bodily ailments were caused by alterations in the state of the bile, and for centuries this viewpoint remained uncontested. The first step toward the modern

understanding of liver function and bile did not come till the middle of the seventeenth century and it was not until the late nineteenth century that medical science obtained the first inklings as to how gallstones were formed. Since removal of the gall bladder is a major surgical operation, it is not surprising to discover that this operation was performed for the first time as recently as 1882. Fifty years ago gall bladder operations were rare indeed.

II

The symptoms of gall bladder disease may be so typical as to leave no doubt about the diagnosis. Of the various ways in which disorders of this organ can manifest themselves, none is more striking than gall bladder "colic." As the term colic implies, it is an acute episode of abdominal pain. Often this symptom is so characteristically earmarked that a layman may make his own diagnosis even before the doctor arrives. Pain, striking suddenly and fiercely in the middle of the night or in the small hours of the morning, pain that is stabbing, prostrating, and high in the abdomen or a bit to the right under the margin of the ribs, is the usual emergency that brings the doctor hurrying. So excruciating is the pain that the patient may become terribly excited, pace the floor, or roll from side to side in agony. And with the pain there may be nausea and vomiting. This is the common picture in cases of colic. But there are enough

variations of this general theme that often render the diagnosis difficult and uncertain.

For one thing the radiation or spread of the pain may be deceptive. Characteristically the pain travels or is transmitted to the back, to the lower tip of the right shoulder blade. But sometimes, and it is enough to confuse the physician, the pain may appear low in the abdomen and be interpreted as appendicitis. On other occasions the pain may be felt on the left side and it may radiate to the left shoulder. Such cases may be mistaken for a heart attack — a coronary occlusion. When typical, the symptoms of gall bladder colic can be readily recognized; when atypical it may take the experienced judgment of an expert to reach an accurate diagnosis.

What throws a gall bladder into colic? Strictly speaking, in cases of colic the pathology is more likely to be found in the duct or passage that leads from the gall bladder to the intestine rather than in the organ itself. In most instances, the colic is started by the movement of a tiny gallstone through the duct. This results in an irritation or stretching of the nerve-endings in the duct wall, producing the dreadful pain. On other occasions, an inflammation or "spasm" of the ducts can create colic even if there are no stones present. Colic means trouble, whatever the cause.

There are less dramatic forms of gall bladder disease than colic, but they are nevertheless of considerable annoyance to the patient. Probably

the most common ailment is chronic inflammation of the gall bladder or, if you prefer to be technical, "chronic cholecystitis." Many of the victims of this disorder are middle-aged women and their only complaints may be distress from "gas," belching or distention. Unlike ulcer sufferers, they get no relief from food. Usually the converse is true. Certain foods seem to make their symptoms worse. Some patients are so beset with a desire to avoid distressing foods that they unwisely and excessively restrict their dietary intake.

It has been frequently said that patients with chronic cholecystitis suffer especially from an indigestion of fats. Recent evidence makes doctors think that this assumption may be both unscientific and unwarranted. The typical symptoms of an inability to digest fats are those of diarrhea, weight loss and bulky stools. Yet these symptoms hardly ever occur in cases of chronic cholecystitis. As Dr. Walter C. Alvarez so wisely observes: "Most of the patients suffer from constipation, and many digest so well that they gain in weight." In the extensive experience of this clinician, rigid restriction of fat intake "did not make much difference in their digestive comfort." Some patients obtained reasonable relief from symptoms by avoiding heavy meals, some stayed away from rich food of any kind and improved, and others learned to get along without complaints merely by keeping from their diets foods that they had discovered caused them

trouble, such as onions, cabbage, or raw apples.

The patient who is "fat and forty" and who has digestive complaints such as those just described is quite likely to be suffering from chronic cholecystitis. If the doctor suspects a grumbling or troublesome gall bladder on the basis of the patient's history and physical examination, his next move ordinarily is to obtain X-rays for verification of his diagnosis. And, today, X-ray tests of the gall bladder reveal disease or stones with a precision unrivaled by any similar diagnostic procedure. "Under average conditions," says Dr. Merrill C. Sosman, Boston X-ray specialist, "in any X-ray department doing a considerable amount of diagnostic work, the accuracy of this test approaches 99 per cent." This high degree of accuracy is all the more remarkable when one considers that only 20 per cent of all gallstones are dense or opaque enough to cast their telltale shadows on the routine X-ray film. It takes a special technique to disclose the other 80 per cent.

This special technique is called "cholecystography" and credit for its discovery goes to two American physicians, Dr. E. A. Graham and Dr. W. H. Cole. A little more than two decades ago, these researchers observed that when certain dyes were taken by mouth, they could be made to outline the gall bladder clearly and distinctly. Ordinarily the gall bladder cannot be visualized on the X-ray plate but when these dyes are taken,

they are absorbed by the intestines, then carried to the liver, and finally concentrated by the gall bladder. Since this dye is visible on the X-ray film, it casts a perfect silhouette of the organ that it fills. This technique is more than just a clever laboratory stunt. With it doctors can detect non-opaque stones that are usually invisible. With it doctors can learn how well the gall bladder is functioning by observing how intensely it concentrates the dye. It is this Graham-Cole test that has made X-ray diagnosis of gall bladder ailments 99 per cent accurate.

Now, if these "filling" films are technically satisfactory, the patient is then given a fat meal (eggs or an eggnog, since egg yolk is rich in fat). Normally, fat in the intestines should cause the gall bladder to contract and empty itself of its contents. X-rays are therefore again taken an hour after the fat meal. If "emptying" is delayed or incomplete, it is an additional sign that all is not well with the organ. Thus an experienced X-ray specialist can tell the doctor not only what the gall bladder looks like but, what is equally important, how well it works.

Thanks to recent chemical research, the accuracy of diagnosis will probably surpass the 99 per cent mark soon. The older dyes that were used for mapping out the gall bladder consisted of a combination of phenolphthalein (a notorious cathartic) and iodine. Often this chemical was more than the patient's stomach could tolerate. Nausea, vomiting and

diarrhea often accompanied the test and made the results uncertain and difficult to interpret. If the patient does not retain enough dye, there will of necessity be unsatisfactory filling of the gall bladder and this may erroneously be interpreted as evidence of disease. But now synthetic chemistry has created a dye that contains no phenolphthalein. So favorable are the reports with this new chemical that in some instances it has been possible to administer a double dose for greater accuracy without upsetting the patient. If the techniques of carrying out these tests are carefully observed, the diagnosis of stones can be made in almost 100 per cent of the cases.

III

At present a noiseless revolution (perhaps "evolution" would be a better word) is taking place in the doctor's current methods of treating gall bladder disease. Standard therapy, as stated conventionally in most medical textbooks, consists of putting the patient on a diet that is low in its content of fat. Here is what one textbook, published only a few years ago, has to say: "A low cholesterol diet is generally indicated where there has been a recent inflammation of the gall bladder. It is in reality a low fat dietary avoiding all foods which are rich in cholesterol. Eggs, cream, pork products, and the fatty fish such as salmon, mackerel, and herring are to be avoided. Frying in deep fat is absolutely forbidden in this diet."

But now, doctors are becoming skeptical as to whether a rigid restriction of fat is helpful — or even logical. It was originally supposed that in chronic cholecystitis the patient had difficulty in digesting fats because of the failure of the diseased gall bladder to deliver bile into the intestine. Actually we now know that if there is no stone obstructing the flow of bile from the liver (obstruction of this type causes jaundice), the amount of liver bile pouring into the intestine is adequate for digestive purposes. Hence this argument for restricting the intake of fat does not seem valid.

From a more positive standpoint, there are some good reasons for believing that a moderate intake of fat should be actually beneficial to the gall bladder patient. The one class of foodstuffs that stimulates the gall bladder and keeps the bile flowing freely is fats. When fat reaches the intestines the gall bladder pours out its contents. This reaction to fats should, indeed, encourage healthful drainage of the gall bladder. As a stagnant pool of water breeds disease, so a stagnant gall bladder promotes stone formation and infection. Probably no one has expressed the present-day viewpoint on the subject more graphically than Dr. Walter C. Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic. Here is what this distinguished specialist says:

"Curiously, no one seems to have thought that the patient who has had a non-functioning gall bladder removed surgically is no different physiologically from what he was

before the operation, and yet after the operation he is generally told to eat what he pleases, and he digests usually everything he eats. No one thinks of putting him on a diet. From this it must be concluded that the indigestion of cholecystitis is usually not due to any lack of concentrated bile in the upper part of the small intestine, and hence there is no need of always barring fat from the diet." Of course, if the patient is overweight, limitation of fat will help him reduce and it might thus contribute to his general state of well-being. "The sensible thing to do," concludes Dr. Alvarez, "is to have the patient restrict his intake of fat when a trial shows that this makes him more comfortable."

Although this viewpoint, this evolution in ideas, may sound unconventional (if not heretical), the suggestion to use high-fat diets in the treatment of gall bladder disease is by no means new. It is only its acceptance that is novel. As long ago as 1926, Dr. A. F. R. Andresen of New York advocated a diet rich in fat in gall bladder disease and since that time he has employed it consistently in hundreds of cases with satisfactory results. Later, in 1937, two other physicians, Dr. C. F. G. Brown and Dr. R. E. Dolkart, wrote in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association: "We find no justification in continuing the use of low fat, low cholesterol dietary management in the treatment of low-grade gall bladder disease except in a few special cases. We recommend keto-cholanic acids to stimulate the

flow of hepatic [*i.e.*, liver] bile, hourly feedings of milk and cream to stimulate emptying of the gall bladder and anti-spasmodic medication. This was found to be the most effective type of therapy in our series from the standpoint of objective and subjective symptoms in cases of chronic cholecystitis." A patient, therefore, should no longer be surprised if his doctor tells him he has gall bladder disease and then does not put him on a rigid low-fat diet. It has taken two decades of clinical research to swing the pendulum of medical opinion toward this viewpoint.

IV

The treatment of chronic cholecystitis is largely a problem in medical management. On the other hand the therapy of gallstones is wholly surgical. Although gallstones and cholecystitis are frequently found together, their association is not inevitable and a patient may have an infection of his gall bladder without stones. Routine autopsies disclose cholecystitis without gallstones in 60 per cent of persons over forty years of age. Stones are found in from 20 to 30 per cent of all individuals coming to autopsy. In living persons whose gall bladders have been removed surgically, stones have been found in as many as 90 per cent. Of course, in this group of patients, the operative removal of the gall bladder was undertaken because of some evidence of disease.

Why some persons have gallstones

and others do not is not entirely clear but undoubtedly there is more than one factor involved. In most instances, probably, there is some obstruction or slowing down of the secretion of bile resulting in stagnation of the gall bladder contents. This stagnation favors an increase in the concentration of the bile solids and they settle out of solution. It is these microscopic particles that serve as the start for stone formation. Another possible factor is the presence of low-grade infection and roughening of the inner gall bladder lining to which solid particles can cling and serve as the nucleus for a stone. But — here is the rub — gallstones can develop when all of these factors are absent, causing agony or death without warning.

Surgeons are often apt to caution: "There are no harmless gallstones." And then they are equally apt to point out any number of instances where a patient went along for years with "silent" stones only to be stricken by a serious complication when it was too late for him to be helped. Such a case was cited not long ago by Drs. Howard M. Clute and Francis R. Kenney of the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital. Their patient was a seventy-three-year-old woman and she had had her first attack of gallstone colic twenty years earlier. For years she had repeated attacks. In 1940 she developed obstruction of her bowels because of a stone. In 1943 she had a severe attack of colic and had to be hospitalized again. Finally, in 1944, it was necessary to operate upon her

because of another attack of pain in spite of the fact that she was an extremely poor surgical risk. The stones were removed; the patient recovered. But, comment the surgeons, "How much pain and suffering could have been saved this woman by removing the gall bladder and its stones twenty years ago!"

Although surgery for gallstones is a major operation and should be undertaken only by a skilled and trained surgeon, by and large the risk of operation is less than the danger of carrying a sack full of stones under your ribs. In the average case it is best not to delay operation until repeated attacks of indigestion, pain and jaundice make operation inevitable — and hazardous. Current statistics from one large Boston hospital place the mortality rate of simple removal of a gall bladder for stones at 0.5 per cent, which places the operation well within a safe range. The reason for this

remarkably low operative mortality is that great care is taken nowadays to prepare the patient for operation, to check him over with all the tests at the hospital's command.

Before operating, modern surgeons carry out tests on the patient's kidneys and on his liver to make certain that there is no impairment of those vital organs. If an anemia is discovered, that too is treated with iron or transfusions. Before surgery is undertaken the patient is fortified against liver failure by extra fluids, glucose and proteins. And after the operation the same watchful program and supportive therapy is continued. These are some of the reasons for the low operative mortality. These are the reasons why modern surgeons say: "The removal of simple, uncomplicated gallstones is an extremely safe procedure and should be urged before the complications of gallstones appear."



Phrase Origins—5

WILDCAT: A term used today to refer to unsound, unreliable or irresponsible business ventures or methods. Thus we have wildcat banks, wildcat mines, wildcat schemes, wildcat currency and so on. The term had its origin in the days before the Civil War, when private banks commonly issued paper money. The notes of the Bank of Michigan carried the likeness of a panther; when the bank failed, its notes were referred to as "wildcat," and the term was soon extended to the notes of other banks which failed as a result of the collapse of the Bank of Michigan. Later it became used as a descriptive term for unsound stocks and bonds; and gradually it gained wide currency as a description for all sorts of unsound business ventures.

DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

Blood Pressure, like pressure



in a boiler, goes up and down,

so don't worry if yours is temporarily

high,



particularly during peri-

ods of stress. However, if it frequently

gets *above normal, or stays there*, the

heart



must work harder and

ultimately may be impaired. Blood ves-

sels are also put under greater strain

which may affect eyes,



kidneys,

brain, and other organs. Fortunately,
medical science is on the march
against high blood pressure.



When caught in time, high blood pressure may be controlled or possibly eliminated.

If an elevation of the blood pressure develops, periodic medical examinations will detect it in the early stages and permit your doctor to advise measures which may keep it in check.

Medical scientists are continuing to study new methods to combat high blood pressure. Some authorities believe the kidneys play a vital part in certain high blood pressure cases and that these patients may be helped through special diets and limitation of liquids. New surgical techniques at times have proved effective for selected cases. Psychotherapy is another method under consideration. There is also hope that new drugs may be developed which will be helpful.

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THE LOW STATE OF HIGHER LEARNING

BY LYLE OWEN

I HAVE always harbored some heretical doubts about the prevailing standards of admission to American colleges, and events of late have not allayed my misgivings. With schools already bursting at the seams and the GI influx showing no signs of abating, intelligence is becoming a less and less important requirement for exposure to collegiate studies.

As the enrollment flood started, the initial reaction of entrance officials was to take all applicants on a first-come, first-served basis. Then, as it became apparent that there would not be room for all, most of the colleges set up priority systems which favored the students already enrolled, the veterans and (particularly in the case of the state schools) local residents. The exclusion of outsiders fosters provincialism, and all these priority rules relegate student quality to second place.

The rational course would be to admit the ones who — regardless of status — can best absorb what colleges have to offer. Neither wealth nor race nor residence should determine the

answer; nor can society afford to exclude an abler youngster just out of high school in favor of one whose claim consists merely in that he bore his country's arms.

Yet the rational course is not one which we have been accustomed to following. Three factors of constantly growing weight have long militated against it: (1) the belief of the American people that college is for everybody, if only he can raise the tuition; (2) the unwillingness of college administrators to pay the price in popularity and revenue necessitated by high entrance requirements or high staying-in standards; (3) the pusillanimity and sense of futility of college professors which leads them to papfeed and pass their semi-illiterate charges.

The sad fact is that only a minority of any country's population is by nature capable of higher learning. Yet the man on the street thinks that college is just like high school, only more so. He knows that its football teams are heavier, and possibly that its books are bigger. But of the quali-

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tative difference between high school diploma wangling and high grade college work he has little glimmering. And college administrators and professors, generally knowing better, perpetuate the popular illusion by accepting almost anybody, flunking almost nobody, and carefully coddling that half of the students who bestir themselves excitedly about almost anything except stirring their brains.

II

One of higher learning's strangest institutions and one most symptomatic of this academic generosity is the "football scholarship." It is no wonder that the public develops illusions when educators feed them such terms. The impartial observer might think "football scholarship" a contradiction in terms; as plausible would seem grass-cutting scholarships for the yard men or a toilet-scouring fellowship for the college janitor. But even in institutions of higher learning these matters are not settled by logic alone.

The football scholarship — still called by that name at some universities, and surviving in many others in camouflaged form — carries with it a varying number of perquisites. At the university where I am now teaching they include tuition and fees, room, meals (not just during training season but the year round) and various gifts, such as clothing, by local businessmen who have a deep love of the more strenuous side of higher education, and "jobs" paid for by these

same businessmen — jobs which do not require an uncomfortably regular attendance at the place of business. It is the policy to handle enough of the athletes' pay informally and outside the university's accounts to make the books look clean if a conference investigation on charges of professionalism should arise. And the justification for this legerdemain which is most usually given is (1) we have to have a winning football team to maintain student, alumni and donor interest in the university, and (2) our rivals do it too.

Not alone the university savants, but also the sober citizens outside the halls of learning feel that football should not be hampered by too strenuous scholarship requirements. A landlady who once harbored me while I defended learning in an Eastern college, and who also put up several football luminaries in the same hostelry (at the college's expense), frequently dropped into my room to give me advice on how to grade and other matters on which she felt competent. It was her habit to enter without announcement, to stay quasi-permanently, and to spend most of these lagging hours in extolling the Herculean labors of the football men and their sundry contributions to the glory of alma mater. As good an example as any of Mrs. Burk's faculty for close reasoning is this:

The radio had gone bad one morning at early soap-opera time, and for a while she was in a quandary as to how to get it repaired before Holly-

wood-gossip hour. Then she recalled happily that one of her stalwart lodgers would be back soon. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "he will fix it. Dollin can fix the radio; he's a football man."

I finally cured this estimable lady of her headlong entrances into my room by the simple expedient of doing my reading and grading in the nude. Mrs. Burk was a modest woman. But the particular day in question antedated the cure. Her interruption was the more annoying in that I was halfway through a football scholar's paper of the stream-of-consciousness sort — a rather muddy stream too, I would say. This 200-pound lump of learning had used words not to be found in any dictionary (with his spellings, at any rate), cabalistic handwriting, divorced ideas, a paucity of punctuation, and cavalier disregard of the lesser amenities like capitals to show where he had intended a new sentence to start. Such papers may be likened unto the famous chapter in Joyce's *Ulysses*: he who hesitates is lost. Once started on the unpunctuated page, the grader must race on through, at the peril of having to revert to the beginning, if interrupted, to regain the thread of thought. At the moment my burning ambition was to reach the rear end of this too, too tenuous thread; then Mrs. Burk came in.

I must have made some impatient remark about the quality of this god-like fellow's work, for the lady wailed, as oft before, that I was too hard on these heroic men who had fought,

bruised and bled for the sake of the scientific institute whose hired hand I had the honor to be. Finishing the paper, I adorned it with a large, red and uncomplimentary mark; at that she asked incredulously, "Are you going to flunk a *football* man?" My answer was of course that for purposes of determining a man's merit in economics, any quantity of bloody galloping over the turfy lists would count neither for nor against him.

But how an incautious remark can grow, even in the environs of an intellectual institution! I had forgotten the episode until a week or so later my memory was jogged by a summons from the dean, who in turn had been called upon by the coach, who had had a visit from my landlady, who had told in horror how I had said I would fail any football man. Whether the fearful, impending calamity alarmed her more through thoughts of the resulting collapse of the school, or whether she was more influenced by meditations about the effect on her rent, was never quite clear. Either way, the experience illustrates how not only college intellectuals, but also the common ruck, rally to the football colors when any threat arises of turning a college into a genuine intellectual institution.

Some of the heroes who haunt our halls of learning are greatly baffled by the obstacles which tradition inherited from harsher days still places in the way of the baccalaureate accolade. The other day I stopped in the gym for a swim and saw one of our

local gladiators seated in the locker room, in dark melancholy, his head between his hands.

"You don't look too happy," I said. "What is it, education or women — or are they the same thing?"

His gloom did not lighten. "Doc Smith — he's my adviser — says I gotta major in something," he said wearily, "and I don't know what to make it."

"Yes, I know," I said sympathetically, "that's the way it was when I was in college. I liked economics, government, English, and several others so much that it was a hell of a job choosing."

"That ain't my trouble," he responded. "I don't like none of 'em."

"Well," I said, "maybe what you really mean is that you don't like college. Maybe you had rather drop out and run a store, or a farm; after all, there's a lot in life besides college."

"Oh, I gotta stay in college," he said quickly. "You can't get nowhere without a degree these days. But there oughta be some way a fellow could get a degree without having to major in something." When I left he still sat there, chin on knuckles — a gloomy, two-fisted Thinker.

III

To do a decent job, a college must either be strict in what is let in, or ruthless in what is thrown out. Without one or the other of these methods, or a combination of them, a college becomes merely a fancier high school

for older adolescents. If all comers are to be admitted, probably a third of the freshmen should later be thrown out. Yet on most campuses the professor who fails 10 per cent is an ogre — and it takes failure in a good many courses to put an incompetent out.

Most professors know better than they grade. They are nearly unanimous in agreeing that student competence is deplorably low, but they are equally unanimous in believing that the college deans, presidents and trustees will not support anything drastic. Many have had the impulse of that teacher in a Canadian college who, during his last days there, flunked the whole senior class and then left in the night for his next job — in Australia. But generally our discretion gets the better of our red pencils.

It is not just that we are cowards; probably a larger motive is a sense of the futility of one-man protests. At an Eastern college I once failed a third of a large class in beginning economics — and I had to lower the passing line to fifty-five to save some of the other two-thirds. Always I had failed some laggards, typically around 10 per cent of a class, in my decade of teaching there. But this class was worse than usual; and besides, I was becoming impatient at my own dishonesty in grading.

The reverberations were immediate, and for the first time in the long and otherwise honorable history of that institute an instructor's grades were rejected. No one inquired into my

teaching or grading methods; no one investigated my examinations — or the students' diligence or I.Q. either. Where the fault lay was too obvious for that. Things became so warm that I decided the importance of the occasion called for a report, which I wrote in considerable detail for the dean's perusal. This report pointed out such supposedly relevant facts as that (1) the examinations, on which the grades were mainly based, were objective and frequent, (2) the examinations were not too severe, since on each of them one or more students had made 100 or near it, (3) the course as a whole was not too severe, as witness 11 per cent of the class receiving a final grade of A, (4) I, the errant instructor, had some empirical basis for knowing what constituted competence in this course since I had taught it several dozen times, there and elsewhere. But all this sober science only made the dean angrier. He disliked subordinates who made excuses, he said, and I rather gathered that he meant me.

Thus my failing grades were cancelled, and the students were taught in the following course by another instructor, with the understanding that whatever grade they made in the second course would also be applied retroactively to the first course. Somehow success crowned the brow of all at the end of the second semester.

With a welling sense of futility, I never again gave a failing grade in the two more years I remained at that institute of science. Down to the fail-

ing level, I continued to distribute my grades as carefully as before. But I created a new category below D, which I privately called an "honorary D." To students deserving F, I thereafter awarded the honorary D, reserving the more solidly earned D for scholars of slightly greater promise. Soon I thought I detected a growing appreciation of my merit as a teacher; at any rate the complaints lessened, and the feminine contingent began leaving cookies, candies and valentines upon my desk.

Removed to a new campus, I decided to resume honest grading — or a beginning at it, since I failed only one-fifth when I thought it should have been nearer half. But a fifth must have been unprecedented, for the campus buzzed. By the time the statistics reached the ears of the dean, who quizzed me on them, the young devotees of honest fact had magnified the failures to "more than half of his students."

A professor can't be too careful — especially when it comes to semantics. An innocent remark of mine, made to a student in an attempt to help him, once called for a solemn visit of explanation and apology to the dean's office, with my department head also present to assist in the inquisition. One of the worst students I ever had — a bluffer, an ignoramus, a semi-illiterate, a cutter of half his classes, but the offspring of someone important enough that it was deemed desirable to try to keep him in school — reported to the authorities that

along with threats of flunking I had offered him miscellaneous insults, including the statement that he ought to have his head examined. Behold the power of the English idiom! What I had really said was that he ought to have a head injury, which he claimed, looked into. As the last of his many excuses for bad attendance and worse work, he had stated that he was once in an automobile accident and he thought a bump on the head there received was the cause for his inability to write a clear sentence in his native language, and for his forgetting to attend class, particularly on examination days. Perhaps; I didn't know; and I suggested, as always when a student pleads physical reasons for poor work, that he ought to have a medical examination. As he reported the episode to the dean, the wording was changed only slightly, but that bit was enough to alter the whole emotional significance of my recommendation. Such experiences are very educational for the professor. They bring him, among other benefits, a deeper respect for semantics.

The mother tongue is used in strange ways by many students. When a junior in business administration writes that "the pay rolles of the grosserry store had reached a staturation point possibly" I wonder how he became a junior, and whether business will approve of our graduates. When a senior, just before his honored and sheepskin-blessed departure from our ivied halls, writes that people "would proobly not squak

until it has began to cost 100 dolors" I almost favor calling off commencement. This last literatus was in two of my courses in his senior year, and I passed him in both. If I had been as honest or as naïve as when I first started teaching, he would have flunked both times; but the failing of a senior, particularly when he is the football captain, the president of his fraternity and a general campus hero, as in this case, is likely to cause deterioration in the professor's public relations. Like most others in this world, professors soon learn to do and say pretty much what is expected of them.

Nothing so quenches the enthusiasm of the teacher as a too-utilitarian view of his wares. Yet the home, the earlier schooling and their own limited intelligence and imagination have combined to bring nearly half our students to college with no real interest in ideas. Their interests lie mostly outside the classroom, and within it grades are the alpha and the omega. Perhaps in my government class I have been talking enthusiastically and warmly about a subject like the meaning of democracy or the future of UN. Usually I conclude with an invitation like this: "Perhaps *you* would like to say something about this topic. Or maybe you have a question." The following are the most common responses:

"Do you expect us to remember that for the examination?"

"Couldn't we stick closer to The Book in this class? You don't spend

enough time telling us what the author said."

"Will you go through The Book and tell us the important points — the things the exam will be on?"

"How many questions will there be on the exam?"

In nearly every class there are a few real students — God bless them — who have read the lesson, have understood most of it, who have enough initiative to ask questions about the parts they don't understand, and who appreciate the time which the teacher may spend in illuminating the subject with his own reading and reflections. When our class was studying the birth throes of the Union under the Articles of Confederation, students of the imaginative type found a comparison with the current travail of UN of great interest. But others complained to the dean that teacher wasn't following The Book.

The dean asked me to cover the text more closely in class. To do so paragraph by paragraph and page by page would, I argued, monopolize so much time as to leave none for the discussion of ideas; it would be bad training for the students since they would come to expect me to do their thinking — even their reading — for them; it would bore the best students insufferably and, on three-fourths of the paragraphs, be a waste of their time. But deans prefer agreement to arguments, and I philosophically lowered my educational sights a few more notches on the I.Q. scale. The

standard of teaching generally tends to become adjusted to the marginal student, much as the standard of grading gravitates toward that of the easiest professor.

Whereas I had tried to spend only half my class period doing the duller spadework with the poorer students, who either hadn't read or were baffled by what they read, and the other half talking ideas with the bright and interested students, I now resolved to make each period about 90 per cent textbook drill and only 10 per cent ideas.

But even that did not stop the complaints, and I therefore moved as near to 100 per cent pap as I could and not vomit. I told the students that their grade would be based entirely on the objective quiz which I gave each Friday, that nothing would be on that quiz except what was in The Book, and, when they complained of my failing to tell them, in advance, all the answers to the quiz questions, I threw away my other notes and kept before me during class only their next examination.

Now I am well on the way to being a successful teacher, for complaints have almost ceased. I say almost, for the other day there was one. A student complained at my marking a certain answer as wrong on his paper. "Why," I said, "I told you the answer to that question just the class meeting before the quiz."

"Well, I guess that's so," he reluctantly admitted, "but you only said it once."

STORM IN THE RADIO WORLD

BY CHARLES A. SIEPMANN

BY ACT of Congress in 1934 the radio wavelengths of the air were reserved for the people. That is to say, owners of radio stations in this country are tenants of the American people. By law, broadcasting licenses are granted for periods of three years only, and on condition that they serve the public interest.

The figures on capital investment in radio are interesting. The listening public has invested in radio sets a sum which exceeds by twenty-six times the radio industry's investment in tangible property. The public's additional outlay on electric current, repairs, replacement parts and so on, is three cents for every two cents spent by advertisers on sponsored broadcast programs.

Which leads us naturally to the question: What is the public getting for its money and for leasing its rights? The public's trustee for radio, the Federal Communications Commission, released last March a comprehensive report on its findings in this field under the title, "Public Responsibility of Radio Licensees."

The result has been a storm in the industry, which has responded in a fashion calculated to make it appear that foul means had been employed to place it in jeopardy for its very life. A number of editorials on the report have appeared in the press, while the trade publications have been seething with the controversy. But little or nothing has been heard directly from the listening public, the long-suffering group which has most at stake.

Because the report itself, an extremely able work, has had limited circulation outside the trade, it is worth summarizing its findings here. It is made clear, first, that we have to deal with a powerful and prosperous industry. Its gross receipts have multiplied over sixty times in less than twenty years. In 1944 the returns on the depreciated value of all its tangible broadcast property reached the colossal figure of 222.6 per cent. No comparable increase, however, is to be observed in the industry's service to the public. In fact, a progressively smaller portion of each revenue dollar is being spent on serving the public.

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The FCC report concentrates on four developments in radio which the Commission judges to be contrary to the public interest which radio is pledged to serve. The first of these is the decline, in the output of local stations, of reflections of local life and the use of local talent. Here is the record of one station, for instance, which got its license on the specific understanding that it would be operated as a civic project: "During three days, which represented a total of 36 hours of broadcast time, only 23 minutes were devoted to programs other than records and commercial announcements. . . . For a period of over a year no regular news was broadcast." Another station which, in its application, relied heavily on the need for added evening hours to serve local organizations and to make use of the live talent in the community it served, was likewise checked. "In contrast to its allegations that time after 6 P.M. was sought for local public service, the station broadcast only 20 minutes of local live sustaining programs after 6 P.M. during the entire week — ten minutes of bowling scores and ten minutes of sport news."

Concerning the general trend in local station operations, the Commission's statistics show that in 1944 "the average local station employed less than one-third of a full-time musician and less than one-sixth of a full-time actor. . . . For every three writers employed by 834 broadcast stations in October, 1944, there were four salesmen employed. For every

dollar paid to the average writer, the average salesman was paid \$2.39." The reason for this flight away from the locality is, of course, financial: "The most immediately profitable way to run a station may be to procure a network affiliation, plug into the network line in the morning, and broadcast network programs throughout the day, interrupting the network output only to insert commercial spot announcements and to substitute spot announcements and phonograph programs for outstanding network sustaining programs. The record of renewal, since April, 1945, of standard broadcast stations shows that some stations are approaching perilously close to this extreme."

One of the most regrettable results of this trend has been neglect of the sustaining program. The industry has seized on this point of criticism as evidence of an unrealistic distaste on the part of the Commissioners for sponsored programs. The report, says the industry, equates public service with sustaining programs; which means that the Commission argues (according to the industry) that sponsored programs are not public service. But nowhere in the report does the Commission take such a stand or even imply such a point of view. "The commercial program," the report states, "is the staple form of American listening. . . . The evidence is overwhelming that the popularity of American broadcasting as we know it is based in no small part on its commercial programs." The stand the

FCC takes in behalf of the sustaining program is on quite other grounds, namely, that the sustaining program has distinctive functions essential to our system of broadcasting. These functions are:

1. to secure for the station or network a means by which, in the over-all structure of its program service, it can achieve a *balanced* interpretation of public needs;
2. to provide programs which by their very nature may not be sponsored with propriety;
3. to provide programs for significant minority tastes and interests;
4. to provide programs devoted to the needs and purposes of non-profit organizations;
5. to provide a field of experiment in new types of programs secure from the restrictions that obtain with reference to programs in which the advertiser's interest in selling goods predominates.

II

Broadcasters, of course, are primarily in business for financial reasons. For the past five years, advertisers have queued up for time on the air, and the broadcasters have humanly enough yielded to the lure of easy money. But they have done so to the detriment of the public interest and, more specifically, at the expense of the sustaining program. For instance, on one Sunday evening only a single 15-minute period was reserved for a sustaining program between the hours of 7 and 11 over 28 basic affiliated stations of our biggest and richest network.

Networks have, in fact, abdicated in favor of the advertisers and shirked

their duty to determine the over-all content and balance of their program structure. The industry's contention that, from the point of view of public service, no distinction is to be made between a sustaining and a sponsored program, can be answered in the words of one of radio's most distinguished writers, Mr. Norman Rosten. Artistic integrity, freedom of self-expression and scope for originality, he has said, are no longer open to a writer subject to the whims of the modern counterpart of the one-time patron of the arts: "Radio writing as it is now developed is simply an adjunct of advertising. The word is fitted to the product. The product is God. The word is the interval between the announcements of God. We are nearing the middle of the twentieth century. Shall the singing commercial and the Lone Ranger inherit the earth?"

To the FCC this is no mere rhetorical question. Its answer on behalf of listeners is categorically "No!" It asks that radio take some account of the distinctive services of sustaining programs (which in no way run counter to the claims and interests of advertisers) and that they shall be reasonably provided for by networks and local stations. It does not ask that specific amounts of time be reserved for sustaining programs. It asks simply that radio pay more than lip service to its own professions in this matter. It cites Dr. Frank Stanton, president of Columbia Broadcasting System, as having stated in 1942:

One use Columbia makes of sustaining programs is to supplement commercial offerings in such ways as to achieve, so far as possible, a full and balanced network service. . . . There is another feature of sustaining service which distinguishes it from commercial programs. While the CBS sustaining service recognizes the broad popular tastes, it also gives attention to smaller groups. It is known that the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra . . . and many other ambitious classical programs never reach the largest audience, but Columbia none the less puts them on year after year for minorities which are growing steadily.

The Commission's report also cites Mr. Niles Trammell of the National Broadcasting Company who, in 1941, thus endorsed a principle which radio has by and large since forsaken:

Another reason for the use of sustaining programs was the voluntary recognition on the part of the broadcasters that programs of certain types, such as religious programs, informative programs furnished by various governmental agencies and certain programs involving discussions of political principles and other controversial issues were not suited to advertising sponsorship. The use of high types of sustaining programs also creates good will for the station and induces people to become accustomed to listening to certain stations in preference to others.

The two remaining evils on which the FCC report throws the spotlight of critical publicity are the excessive use of advertising and the failure, particularly by local stations, to provide enough time for the discussion of public issues. No listener to the radio needs to be furnished with evidence of advertising excesses. Nor does it seem unreasonable to plead

that in this atomic age reasonable time be given to discuss the complicated problems which beset us in the domestic and international fields.

III

"Public Responsibility of Radio Licensees" has had a mixed reception. Press reaction has on the whole been favorable, Mr. Hearst, who has large interests in radio, and *Collier's* dissenting. Various groups, like the American Civil Liberties Union and the Hollywood Radio Writers Guild, support it. Among advertisers, opinion is more divided. But even here, according to a survey by *Tide* magazine, 57 per cent of those polled in the advertising and public relations fields favor the report, while 40 per cent object to it. Only the industry itself appears unanimous in its objection.

The industry, of course, has interests to defend. It is entitled to a point of view. But its objections would command more sympathy (and the industry more confidence and respect) if these were couched in terms less abusive and more substantive. Its trade journal, *Broadcasting*, has issued a series of philippics in which the Commissioners have been likened to Goering and Goebbels, and sinister motives and dubious practices have been attributed to those associated with the drafting of the report. Radio's trade association, the National Association of Broadcasters, has sponsored the view that seven willful men are seeking to defy our

Constitution. Its president has inveighed against "intellectuals" who are supporting the report as men ignorant and careless of our liberties. But scrutiny of the proceedings of district meetings of the National Association of Broadcasters, hastily summoned to plan a counterattack, disclose scarcely a single reference to the subject of the report — the infirmities to which an industry, intoxicated by overwhelming success and tremendous profits, has fallen heir. Scarcely a word has been addressed to the defects in programming, with which the report is first and last concerned.

An important sentence in the report reads: "... the Commission invites comment from licensees and from the public."

The industry's answer to this open invitation to reasoned and reasonable discussion has thus far been an appeal to the First Amendment of the Constitution. Commenting on this reaction, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* thus defines the issue:

In this attack, the NAB seems to regard the airwaves as a private commodity, which they are not, and clothes its attitude in the usual guise of solemn patriotism. . . . The FCC makes serious charges of excessive commercialism, support its facts and proposes, in a mild way, to do something about it. That does not justify the cries of Justin Miller, NAB President, about government domination of radio or his pointless asides on what our forefathers fought for.

To the lay reader the legality of the FCC's proposals seems clearly established by the precedents of past action

cited in the report, which clearly show that since 1927 the Commission has of necessity concerned itself with the over-all balance of programs in the public interest. Its actions in this regard have been consistently upheld by the courts. The legal issue is in any case somewhat academic at the present time. It can be tested only when and if the radio industry chooses to challenge some future action of the FCC that stems from the revised procedures outlined in the report.

There are those who believe that the radio industry may live to regret the ground on which it has chosen to fight. For in challenging the right of the FCC to concern itself with the over-all program service offered in the public interest, it has raised afresh the very question which exercised the mind of Congress when it drafted the Communications Act of 1934. Can a medium as powerful as radio be safely entrusted to free commercial enterprise with any certainty that the interests of minorities (which American democracy has always championed) and progressive enlightenment will be fairly provided for? Congress decided that it could not.

It envisaged a Commission charged with responsibilities far transcending the purely technical task of allocating wavelengths. This is clearly indicated by the description of the type of person whom Senator Dill, sponsor of both the Radio Act of 1927 and the Communications Act of 1934, thought fit for appointment to the Commission:

I think it should be composed of men who have an understanding of the public needs, men of vision and great ability, who will administer this law from the standpoint of the public interest and particularly with a view to the future development of the radio art for the social and economic good of our people. . . . I don't think it would be wise to have a Commission made up of technical experts because technical experts would not take the big view and the broad view and have the vision which I think the members of the Commission ought to have.

The FCC's report is a sad revelation of what happens when commercial enterprise is allowed virtually unrestricted scope. For the report is as much an indictment of the FCC's past negligence in defending the public interest as it is of the industry's failure to live up to its commitments. Left to itself the radio industry is unlikely to realize the objectives conceived for radio in the Communications Act. There are some aspects of public service incompatible with the profits sought by advertisers who use the air as a means for selling goods. Commercial sponsorship of programs is not in every way compatible with the rendering of broad, comprehensive public service, as an official in one of the largest advertising agencies in the country unwarily revealed in a recent statement: "The war is over and the words that sold ideas . . . and ideals . . . must once again sell merchandise . . . in ever increasing quantities." If this is the prescription for radio's program service in the postwar world, if this is the criterion by which radio service in the public

interest is to be determined, the public evidently needs a friend in court.

The FCC report limits itself to the practical question of better program service in radio. The radio industry raises a far bigger question. It calls for a showdown on an unresolved conflict in which American democracy itself is at stake. As one writer has put it, "The early democratic fight for a free economy has become, in this period of late capitalism in America, a fight of large aggregates of economic power against attempts of the community to check their power." Many Americans may be content within limits to allow commercial enterprise free scope where the manufacture and distribution of commodities is concerned. They are much less likely to be thus tolerant when what is at stake is the dissemination of ideas and ideals.

The radio industry, moreover, has posed a false antithesis. What is at stake in radio, according to the FCC report, is not a choice between free commercial enterprise and government control. The FCC seeks, rather, for a *reserve* of power, vested in government, to prevent such abuses of a vital channel of communication as the report discloses.

It is premature, if not hysterical, to assume now that such reserve power, vested in any agency of government, is the inevitable first step toward absolute government control. Our system of checks and balances can easily keep us from that path. There is

nothing in the record of the FCC to suggest even an inclination in this direction. The radio industry's constant protestations of devotion to the public interest jibe neither with the more candid statements of some of its spokesmen ("The best radio program is the one that sells the most goods, not necessarily the one that

holds the highest Hooper rating") nor with such default in program service as the FCC report discloses. Without the FCC the public, ill-informed, inarticulate and as yet apathetic, would have no effective means of voicing its needs beyond the satisfaction of its most universal craving for mass entertainment.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOR

Whippoorwill

THERE are certain creatures of outdoors which, though familiar enough to us under one aspect, remain otherwise singularly secret from us. For example, we are very nearly all familiar with mice. But the mouse we know is the small scamperer in pantries, the scabbler in the wainscot; it is a little furry mammal that has bright eyes and velvety ears and many children. It comes as a surprise to learn of one aspect of mouseness: the fact that mice sing. Or again, who of us does not know a snake? We know the dart and glide of snake, the flickering tongue, the cold reptilian slither among the leaves and grass. But it is not very often that we think of the snake as a creature that mates. It hardly occurs to us (unless we are of that little company of naturalists who have actually seen the happening) to picture the embrace of snake and snake; and it remains a matter of general ignorance that the small "leg" now and then reported to have been seen extruded by a snake is in fact the intromittent organ of the reptile's sexual apparatus. We do not imagine mice singing; we do not think of a snake as a being involved in anything like a family life.

Perhaps the most curious case of a

creature intimately familiar to us in a limited way (in this case, indeed, under only a single aspect) and otherwise profoundly hidden from us and a stranger, is that of the creature which in the summer nights and dusks sends out the cry of *whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!* That arresting voice of the warm darkness is surely known to every countryman from South Carolina to Canada, and from the east coast westward to Texas and the Plains. There can hardly be a vacationer from the city who has not heard the plaintive sound . . . interspersed, perhaps, with odd asidelines, clucking or murmurous . . . drifting in the hot darkness to the verandah of his resort hotel. We all know the whippoorwill: we know it as a voice. But the maker of the sound? What does it look like? From where is it projecting this familiar voice of the night? How does it live? A whippoorwill, after all, is one of our animal fellows, a biological brother co-tenanting with us the land and the darkness. Who is it?

Though anyone acquainted with whippoorwills under more than the one aspect of their voice may find it difficult to believe, that inquiry is still in many regions answered with

the conjecture that the night cry of *whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!* probably emanates from a frog. In parts of the South it has long been placidly taken for granted, as a certainty of natural history hardly worth investigating, though admittedly odd and a little mysterious, that the sound is the utterance of a snake. In upstate New York there persists a habit of supposing that all strange nighttime trills and tremolos and quavering cries, including *whip-poor-will*, are variant voices and calls of raccoons. Such notions as these, it is likely, persist only in particularly uninstructed areas. It is fairly general knowledge, presumably, that a whippoorwill is a bird. But what manner of bird? In the dusk there is seen only the quick and soundless rush of wings, and then, from the depths of the darkness, there sounds the cry.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! The utterer of that cry, so familiar as a voice and otherwise so secret, is in its appearance and habits at least as curious as in the quality of its eerie and much misidentified sound.

II

A whippoorwill, to an anatomist's measure, is a bird about the size of a robin; but its peculiar structure makes it seem a good deal larger. It belongs to the ornithological order called the *Macrochires*, which signifies, approximately, birds that have long hands. The terminal parts of a whippoorwill's

wings are greatly developed; they curve out from the body, in flight, as long tapered blades that give the bird an appearance hawklike and exaggeratedly large. The body to which these slim and powerful pinions are attached is mottle-feathered in browns and blacks, in a plumage very like the patchy bark of a tree, with a slash of white on the throat and white areas on the outer feathers of the rounded tail. It is a peculiarly chunky body, stubby and blunt, with a disproportionate breadth and bulk of head. A whippoorwill somewhat calls to mind those snub-fronted and streamlined automobiles especially designed for racing. It is a true similarity; for the whippoorwill, which takes substantially all its food on the wing, is indeed designed for rushing through the dark air with the swiftness, silence and accuracy of a feathered projectile. More than that, it is equipped to be a kind of aerial insect trap. A whippoorwill's mouth opens enormously; it is a cavernous mouth, slitting the bird's face nearly from ear to ear. On either side of it grow tufts of feathery bristles, like a group of cat-whiskers, so that the whippoorwill's whole forepart becomes, so to speak, a net and a maw. If a man goes out into the summer night with a wide-mouthed collecting net, and simply swishes it randomly in the air for an hour or two, he will find that he has gathered a surprisingly large catch of small insects. A whippoorwill, sweeping the summer darkness, darting wide-mouthed through the

midge-teeming, mosquito-teeming underbrush, swooping accurately in pursuit of the big moths and May beetles, takes so great a catch of insects as to render a signal service in the natural economy.

Abroad on its hunting-flights in the dusk, dawn, or moonlight, a whippoorwill is all swiftness and silence and snapping beak, an agile, insubstantial, checkered part of the play and flicker of the twilight. At rest, during the daylight hours, a whippoorwill is immobile and (for all practical purposes) part of a tree. It crouches on a rough-barked limb, disposing its bark-patterned body always lengthwise with the limb instead of across it, and huddles and flattens itself. It disappears . . . as a speckled fawn disappears when it crouches in the sun-speckled underbrush, or as a striped bittern disappears when it stands motionless with raised head among the striped patternings of the water-reeds. A whippoorwill in daytime is only a bump or a gnarl on a tree-branch. It is not strange that whippoorwills may abundantly inhabit a countryside and remain known only as a disembodied voice.

In the mating season male whippoorwills interrupt their hunting-flights to utter their cries with extraordinary repetitiveness. John Burroughs once heard a whippoorwill voicing its sound almost without pause no less than 1,088 times.¹ There

are often deviations from the set syllables that have given whippoorwills their name, and it is doubtless a hearing of some of these variations (which occasionally do sound a little like coons, or a little like the hissing and "booming" of owls and certain snakes) that has given rise to the odd theories about what whippoorwills really are. There is a note that is a guttural *chuck! chuck!*; there is an enunciation so fast that it becomes a kind of rolling and rattling; in the time of courtship, particularly, there is a little low sibilance and a very low breathy grunt. A company of whippoorwills giving various voice in a moonlit Maytime woods may well persuade an unaccustomed venturer that he is invisibly surrounded by a whole zoo-full of unidentifiable creatures.

In everything about a whippoorwill there is so marked a quality of the odd and even a little eerie, from the queer shape to the invisibility to the wide unbirdlike maw to the strangeness of the cry in the night, that it is a small additional surprise that whippoorwills make no nest but lay their two white eggs, scrawled with traceries of brown and gray, in any slight depression in the leaf-layered floor of the woods. A mother whippoorwill, brooding her eggs, blends with the pattern of the dead leaves as perfectly as with the bark of branches. On those rare occasions when she is discovered, and her nest approached, it is her protective device to draw away a little, stumbling and fluttering and making

¹ By an error of memory, this figure was erroneously given in these columns some months ago as four thousand. The actual figure is sufficiently extraordinary.

little gasping cries, as of a creature badly crippled or taken by some kind of seizure, and to entice the fascinated observer so far in pursuit of her — she keeping always just a little out of reach, as though with the last ounce of her strength — that the site from which she was startled, where the eggs are, will have been irrecoverably forgotten. It is a device used by many kinds of birds, notably killdeers and meadowlarks; but the performance of the whippoorwill, fumbling and staggering on its weak little feet, lolling its blunt head as though the neck were broken, opening its startlingly huge mouth and emitting what clearly ap-

pear to be pantings indicative of imminent death, is so enthrallingly grotesque that the trick must surely work with unusual success.

When the young, apparently reared entirely by night feedings, have learned for themselves the lores of swift hunting in the dusk and of immobility by day, the whippoorwills revert to their customary occupations. As summer wanes, their cry sounds less often in the dark woods. They become, if possible, even more invisible than previously, except in one particular. In all seasons, whippoorwills love to take nocturnal dust-baths. By later summer, country dirt roads



Whippoorwill

Frank Utpatel

have become parched by the suns of July and August, and so in that season whippoorwills may more and more often be discovered, by a traveler's flashlight or headlights, crouching in the roadway. But it is rarely that the traveler knows that it is a whippoorwill he has encountered. He supposes he has surprised a mouse or a rabbit. All he sees, before it silently vanishes, is the gleaming glitter of a pair of eyes.

By later September or October, the whippoorwills have departed. They have gone on their migration, to winter in the southern United States and southward into Central America.

Their going is as unnoticed as

everything else about their shadowy lives. They steal away without our being aware of it. The whippoorwills travel southward only by night. On wings soundless as owls' they glide and skitter away through the autumn darkness, and if their disappearance is remarked at all, it is only in the fact that one of the sounds of our summer nights is no longer heard. When the whippoorwills come north again in spring, it is as stealthily. There is only the sudden sound of their voices, drifting out of the chilly April dark, to make known that we are once again invisibly companioned by one of the most curious, and certainly most secret, of the creatures in our common natural history.



THE TEARS OF LOVE ARE FROZEN

BY GRACE MILBURN

MAN plunges down the vast, oblivious earth,
 The tears of love are frozen on his face;
 Pursued by sudden thunder since his birth,
 He shakes his tiny fist at time and space.
 Four seasons scorn his toil and scar his fields,
 His fences sag, his ruined orchards rot;
 His gods lie buried by their broken shields,
 Their silver bones are sheltered, man is not.
 His cities fall before the sullen wind,
 He builds a fortress and the walls are sand. . . .

*When will you turn, O desolate and blind,
 To call your brother's name? To clasp his hand?
 When will you learn until you live for him,
 The storm is merciless, the stars are dim?*

FOR AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

I HAD better begin this article by displaying my credentials for discussing the subject at all. I am an Ulsterman, a native of the smallest self-governing community in the British Commonwealth of Nations, and I have not, so far as I know, a single drop of English blood in my veins.

The community in which I was born is known as the Six Counties of Northern Ireland. They are Londonderry, Antrim, Down, Armagh, Fermanagh and Tyrone. Formerly, Ulster also included Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan, which are now part of Eire. The population of the Six Counties, according to the 1937 census, is 1,279,745, of whom about two-thirds are Protestants and the rest Roman Catholic. The area is so small that it could be contained comfortably in a single English county, Yorkshire, and its population is only slightly larger than that of Birmingham or Glasgow. There are more people in the Bronx than there are in Northern Ireland; the same is true of the boroughs of Manhattan and Queens, and Brooklyn has nearly twice as many people.

Detroit, Los Angeles and Philadelphia each contain more inhabitants than this small community which could be put in a corner of Chicago.

But let us not obsess ourselves with size. The world owes far more to Israel, Greece, Florence and Elizabethan England than it owes to vast empires and immense federations. It owes them its soul. Similarly, these Six Counties of Northern Ireland, so negligible from an American point of view, have been more influential in the political, social and industrial history of the United States than any other region on earth. No one has yet attempted to measure the debt which men in general, and Americans in particular, owe to North Ireland, but I claim the right to speak my mind about America because my forefathers for three centuries have contributed heavily to its affairs.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, three great streams of emigrants flowed across the Atlantic from Ulster to America. All of these people were Protestants, and the great majority were Presbyterians. They were

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established in America long before a single Irish Roman Catholic set his feet on American soil. About 200,000 of them, tough, adventurous, energetic, enterprising, ingenious and passionately in love with liberty, crossed the Atlantic in the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century. How powerful they became is evident from the fact that of the thirty-two Presidents of the United States, no fewer than fourteen were of Ulster origin. They were: John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

The Declaration of Independence was drafted by an Ulsterman, Charles Thompson; first read in public by the son of an Ulsterman, Colonel John Nixon; first signed by John Hancock, the descendant of County Down Presbyterians, and signed in addition by William Whipple, Robert Paine, Thomas McKean, Thomas Nelson, Matthew Thornton, George Taylor and Edward Rutledge, all of Ulster origin. At that time, according to John Fiske, the historian, more than one-sixth of the American people were Ulster Presbyterians, or the children of Ulster Presbyterians, who had emigrated to America between the years 1730 and 1770. Washington (who meant Ulstermen when he referred to Irishmen) once said: "If defeated elsewhere, I will make my

last stand for liberty among the Scotch-Irish of my native Virginia." How deeply these Ulster people left their imprint on America may be gathered from the fact that there are now eighteen towns in the United States named for Belfast, seven Derrys, nine Antrimms, and sixteen Tyrones. Bunker Hill derives its name from a hill outside Belfast.

It is facts such as these which give us a special title to concern ourselves in the business of America. I may add to them that the Six Counties were the first training ground in Europe of the American forces during the war — a fact which annoyed Mr. de Valera very deeply. Multitudes of your men are now as familiar with little towns and villages in Northern Ireland as they are with their own homes. Our turns of speech are part of your familiar expressions. When you are thanked, you reply: "You're welcome!" That is an Ulster locution. Your use of the word "quit" is our use of it.

Like almost every Ulsterman, I have close family ties with America. My maternal grandfather lived for a long time in Charleston, where he died. One of my maternal uncles went to New York in his youth, where he became an American citizen and remained for the rest of his life. Two of my maternal cousins are American citizens today. All these relatives were born in Ulster. In my childhood I was more familiar with American place-names than I was with British ones. I had heard of Central Park long be-

fore I had heard of Hyde Park; I knew about Coney Island before I had ever heard of Blackpool or Southend; I saw the *New York Times* long before I had seen the *London Times*. I have been in America twice, and I worked for seven months on the staff of the late and lamented *New York World*.

That is my personal claim to intrude in this business. Technically, I am an alien, but I have never felt alien to the United States or its people; and I was resentful when, arriving at New York Harbor for the first time, I was requested to join the line of aliens.

There is, then, a marked tie between Ulster and the United States, a much more particular tie than exists between the United States and Eire, a tie of longer and deeper duration. Roman Catholics live in America in vast numbers, but only one of them, and he was of Ulster origin — the late Alfred E. Smith — was nominated for the Presidency, and he was not elected. But our ties are not only with the United States. They are equally strong and deep in relation to the British Commonwealth. I am not singular among Ulstermen in possessing relatives in every part of the Commonwealth. My mother lived for years in Canada, and my sister has lived there much longer than she lived in Ulster. In fact, I have more relatives in Canada than I have now at home. I have cousins in Australia, in New Zealand and in South Africa. Childhood friends are scattered throughout the Commonwealth and the United States.

Ulstermen are in large numbers everywhere. When I had to undergo an eye operation in a London nursing home, the surgeon who performed the operation, the physician who looked on, and I, the patient, were born in Belfast, within a mile of each other. Lying ill of influenza in the New York Harvard Club I was most tenderly treated by an Ulster doctor from Tyrone. One of the elevator men there came from Newry in Down. Wherever I went in America, I met American citizens born in my province; I have met Ulster men and women everywhere in the Commonwealth.

It is for these reasons that I feel I have every right to feel at home in both the Commonwealth and the United States, a right which is felt by all Ulstermen. We, more than any other people, have the greatest cause to desire friendly relations between your country and ours. From our loins has sprung much that is American, Australian, New Zealander, South African and Canadian. This little place of ours, these Six Counties which would scarcely be noticed if they were dropped into Lake Michigan, have arms long and wide enough to hold you all in their embrace.

II

It is because our ties are so close and manifold that we wish to see friendly, cooperative relations fostered between the American and British peoples. The Commonwealth and the United

States both tug at our roots. You are our people, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh; and even those Americans who have no bonds of blood with Britain are tied to the British by language and laws and literature and a shared history; and even more tightly tied by common aspirations and ways of life.

Allow all that can be allowed for the difference between a republic and a monarchy, and what does it amount to? I think I could make out a good case for the fact that Britain is far more democratic than America. A friend in New York assured me that every American could aspire to become President. Yes, I replied, unless the American were a woman, a Negro, a Jew, a Roman Catholic, or the child of a very rich man. As these exceptions make up considerably more than half the total population, that means there is little hope of election to the Presidency for multitudes of Americans.

In Britain, however, a woman may sit on the throne. There are only two offices of importance in Britain from which non-members of the Church of England are excluded: the monarchy and the Lord Chancellorship. A Jew has been Lord Chief Justice and Viceroy of India. Men of working-class origin have occupied the highest offices under the Crown. Ramsay MacDonald, not only of humble origin but illegitimate as well, became Prime Minister. Lloyd George was the son of a domestic servant; he too became Prime Minister. There have been

three Labour cabinets in Great Britain. Sir William Robertson, who as a young footman ran away from his service to enlist, rose to the rank of field marshal and became Chief of the General Staff. Neither poverty nor lowly birth has ever in any period of English history kept a man from power. We are a democratic people, not less democratic than Americans, although we are a monarchy, and I am prepared to maintain that we are more democratic than you are.

If anything is certain in this uncertain world, surely it is this: that our two peoples, the British people scattered across the earth, and the American people compactly placed in a self-supporting area, can keep the peace better than any other two groups. To begin with, we *want* to keep it. Are we sure that other people are as eager? There are times indeed when we have seemed over-anxious to prevent war. Appeasement was not a policy of which we can be proud. We have faults to confess, and had better confess them frankly. We have both dithered and dallied and drooled and driveled in our passion for peace when, instantly and without the slightest equivocation, we should have made it plain that we would fight if provocation did not cease.

The small group of undergraduates at Oxford who, before World War II began, announced that they would not fight for their king and country — a declaration which they promptly canceled when war began — did much to bring war about, for they enabled

Ribbentrop to use them as proof to the illiterate house painter that Britain was degenerate and would not defend herself. We have wanted peace too much. We were criminally unready for war in 1939. When the Battle of Britain was fought, we had no more than nine planes in reserve. But you were no less criminally unready *four years after* the war had begun, as has been recently shown by General George Marshall, your Chief of Staff. On both of us lies a heavy burden of guilt.

Nevertheless, we both want peace and we are in a position to secure it if we exert ourselves. Together we can make war impossible, or so difficult that it will practically be impossible. We cannot achieve that purpose separately, and we probably cannot achieve it through combination with any other peoples. I have always believed that the union of the British peoples in a Commonwealth of Free Nations is the beginning of the first real effort to federate the world. Julius Caesar, Philip IV of Spain, Louis XIV of France, Napoleon Bonaparte, the German Kaiser and Adolf Hitler — all of these sought to build a world state on false foundations, for each wished to create a world state dominated by his own country. Such a world state, if one ever comes into being, is destined to perish.

But the structure of the British Commonwealth, despite every defect that may be found in it, is essentially sound. It is based on the principle of equality among those members who

consent to it. The fact that the principle has not been put into complete practice does not dispel the British claim to democracy, any more than the fact of racial discrimination in the United States dispels America's claim to being a democratic nation. If our principle is sound, we may feel certain that our practice will eventually become sound too; but if our principle is false, our practice can never be anything else.

Our fundamental principle is based on that of the family. Although they belong to the same group, the members of a family are not all equal. The parents do not acknowledge equality between themselves and their young children, nor do they treat all their children alike. The boy of seventeen has rights which are denied to the boy of seven. But in spite of this inequality, there is no denying the fact that all belong to the family, and it is also recognized that although the boy of seven is not on the same level of development as the boy of seventeen, a time may come when he may surpass his brother.

The British Commonwealth has been built on that doctrine. We lost America because we denied our principle, and the loss sobered us and brought us back to our conclusion that the family can survive only if its members are free from the moment that they are fit to be free. There are Americans who still believe, but erroneously, that "England" owns Australia, South Africa, Canada, New Zealand; and that we can "give" or

"sell" any or all of them. We do not "own" them in any sense whatever; if they were to secede as Eire has done, or as India probably will, though we would try to persuade them to remain in the family, we would not force them or try to force them, any more than parents would force an unwilling son or daughter to stay at home after they had reached maturity.

Australia is as independent of Great Britain as is the United States. So is Canada. So is South Africa. So is New Zealand. Yet they remain members of the Commonwealth. In 1917 I was one of twenty-three men, representing every part of the Commonwealth, who lived in the same hut in an Officers' Training Camp. At the end of the war in 1918, some pessimists asserted that such an assembly would never be possible again. But in 1939, the impossible was achieved. Our sons came home again. Even seceded Eireans fought in our forces.

III

I trust and pray that the next development in the federation of free peoples will be a union of English-speaking races. I am not among those who believe that nationalism is dying. It is one of the strongest feelings that animate men. Why did your soldiers and ours make so much fuss to get *home*, if nationality means little or nothing? Why do the eyes of travelers, after a long absence, fill with tears when they behold their native country again?

Are we not overjoyed abroad on meeting a countryman whom, perhaps, at home we would consider a chance acquaintance? This love of country is deep in our roots; it cannot be eliminated. If we are to achieve world federation, we must work with the stuff we possess. We built a nation out of the family; if world federation is to become a reality, it can only grow out of a feeling of family. The British have so built up their Commonwealth, sometimes without quite knowing what they were doing. The structure is not complete, but it is near completion. When it is complete, our idea of the family must be extended.

I want such a world federation to include all the English-speaking peoples. But that does not mean that every person in this extended family must be English, or British, or that he must subordinate his ideas of life to British ideas. We may yet see the small Western European nations in the British Commonwealth. Nations such as Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium have learned in sorrow that the small nation can no longer live by itself, but must live in association with other and more powerful people. There is no reason why the Dutch in Europe should find it harder to become members of the British Commonwealth than it has been for the Dutch in South Africa. The French in Canada have not found it impossible to live and work inside the Commonwealth. Is there any reason why the Belgians and, indeed, the French themselves should find it im-

possible? The day, perhaps, is not far distant when the conception of Commonwealth will be enormously enlarged, when it will be possible for republics and monarchies to join a group which, while it leaves them free to develop in their own way, will also enable them to protect one another from violation. The accomplishment of such a union will not be easy. It will be difficult, but I have never regarded that as an excuse for inertia.

There will always be isolationists in every country: frightened, suspicious little fellows, always looking around for corners in which they may hide at the first hint of trouble. There will always be Colonel McCormicks; we have his sort in Britain, men suffering from hatreds that are pathological. Do not distress yourselves about *him*. He does not agitate a single mind in Britain; nobody over here is upset by anything *he* says. When he recently told his bemused admirers that Britain had not a single general officer worth mentioning, Ulster people, remembering their great commanders, Alexander, Brooke, Dill and Montgomery, smiled. I do not know what military prowess or experience gave Colonel McCormick his title, but I doubt that he is expert in estimating military values. In any case, we do not care one single solitary damn what he thinks or does or says. Time will take care of him. Oblivion yawns rather more obviously for him than it does

for multitudes of men and women, and the earth will not long be troubled with him.

But the rest of us have to live, and we want to live well; our task is to find a way that will enable a larger number of men and women of similar outlook on life to live in as much amity as is humanly possible. When we have found that way, and made it firm, we can hope that it will appeal to other people too.

To me, the friendship of Britain and America is essential to finding that way. There are many things about the British which Americans dislike. There are also many things about Americans which the British dislike. Well, what of it? Are there not many things about all human beings, even those we love, which we find tiresome? Yet we continue to love them. I can think of some Americans whom I cordially detest. But I can think of far more whom I honor and admire.

Conversely, I hope there are many Americans who can say the same of us. But whether we like or dislike each other, the fact remains that our lives have been too well merged to be separated.

Ulstermen have their feet firmly planted in both camps, and their hope is that they may be the bridge over which the British and the American people will march together. They marched over it to war. Can't they march over it to peace?



FALSE ECONOMY IN GOVERNMENT

By JOHN J. CORSON

THE resignation of Harold L. Ickes as Secretary of the Interior, a few months ago, brought forth considerable newspaper and radio comment, and naturally so, for Mr. Ickes is a colorful personality and his going had dramatic elements. More recently the newspapers had another important resignation to announce, that of Harold D. Smith as Director of the Bureau of the Budget. Many other resignations from the federal service take place every day without coming to the public's attention, yet in the aggregate and in the long run they are of greater importance. Mr. Ickes would probably be the first to agree.

Examples can be cited in great number. Take Daniel W. Bell for one. Last December, when he gave up his post as Under Secretary of the Treasury, the then secretary, Mr. Vinson, said he was simply irreplaceable.

The resignations of competent civil servants less well known than, but just as competent as, Dan Bell are commonplace, though few are reported in the newspapers. Perhaps you noted the resignation of Isidor Lubin from

the post of Commissioner of Labor Statistics. For twelve years he had distinguished himself as an economist and statistician of extraordinary ability. He was a trusted adviser to both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. He joined a commercial research firm in January. Oscar Cox, another unpublicized civil servant, resigned only a few weeks earlier. In 1933 he was an attorney for the city of New York. In the early thirties he came to Washington inconspicuously as an assistant counsel in the Treasury Department. There he was when the war broke out in Europe and Roosevelt recognized, before others, the importance of aiding the democracies. Cox's genius worked out the legal basis for Lend-Lease. Throughout the war his was the master mind which guided economic aid to our allies. He resigned to enter private law practice.

Joe Pois, too, resigned in January. More than any other man he was responsible for the reorganization of the Coast Guard to meet the seemingly overwhelming tasks of war. He had worked in the federal govern-

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ment for five years before entering the Coast Guard. When the war ended he became a partner in a nationally-known firm of management engineers. Or did you ever hear of Harold Graves, a civil servant for more than twenty years before he resigned unnoticed in 1944? At different times he held key jobs under Republican and Democratic administrators in the Commerce, Post Office and Treasury Departments. His last job was to reorganize the Bureau of Internal Revenue to take on the herculean task of collecting withholding (income) taxes from some 20,000,000 new taxpayers. It was said to be impossible but Graves did it. Then he resigned and accepted a job as general manager of a small radio station in the Northwest.

Ed Patterson saved the taxpayers millions of dollars as assistant chief counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Now he is saving a few large corporations hundreds of thousands which they would pay in taxes if it were not for him. And surely you never heard of John Collins. Collins spent ten years in the U. S. Employment Service climbing to the very top by dint of hard work and unusual ability. A few months ago he left to join the personnel staff of Macy's.

II

The public business — specifically the operation of federal agencies, bureaus and departments — needs the genius of the Coxes and the Lubins, and the sheer, steady non-political compe-

tence of men like Graves and Collins. A national postal department requires no less managerial genius than the Western Union telegraph system. It takes just as much administrative capacity to operate a national old-age insurance system for fifty million insured persons as to run a private life insurance company for half that many policy holders or a handful of stockholders. The chief counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue must be as competent a tax lawyer as the "big name" attorneys who oppose him. The Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service is as much a specialist as a thousand surgeons; internists, neurologists and psychiatrists whose actions save fewer lives. The Director of the Budget of the federal government occupies a position requiring greater vision and financial acumen than that of the comptroller of any other American business. Yet the government tries to get and hold the competent executives it needs for these and other posts at salaries substantially less than executives in private business receive. The government is finding it more and more difficult to do so, to the public's great loss. The government experts are not money-mad; they are not always after the huge salaries of private enterprise; but with the satisfaction of working for the public weal they would like more equitable compensation.

Several industries, as a consequence, rely on the taxpayers to train many of their future executives. Take, for

example, the H. J. Heinz Company. Within the past decade this company has taken a succession of men from the Department of Agriculture. But these men who went into the pickle business are only a few of the highly competent scientists who resigned during this period. Each year there is a crop of resignations from such agencies as the Food and Drug Administration, the Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Standards and the U. S. Public Health Service. Typical is a young man who resigned in 1942 after he had served an apprenticeship of six years in the Food and Drug Administration. In these six years he had demonstrated real skill and gained invaluable experience. He could have looked forward *eventually* to the prospect of becoming an assistant commissioner at \$6500 a year. This goal was remote and, hence, when offered \$10,000 to become medical director for one of the national airlines, he accepted and left. He preferred working for the government, but he couldn't afford it.

Take another field in which the private corporations find the federal government a particularly "happy hunting ground." There are no better schools for training in the lucrative practice of tax law than the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the U. S. Board of Tax Appeals. Lawyers who would specialize in corporate finance and organizational problems are schooled in the Securities and Exchange Commission. Young lawyers serve their apprenticeship in patent

law in the Patent Office. Each year the large private law offices and the legal staffs of big corporations harvest the cream of this crop, cultivated at the taxpayers' expense.

The same story is monotonously duplicated among administrative personnel. Jim Grady spent ten years in the federal government. He made an enviable record in personnel training in the Farm Credit Administration. Then he reorganized the letter-writing practices of thousands of employes in the Department of Agriculture. The courteous, informative, prompt replies which farmers began to receive were described by experts in direct-mail advertising as better than the correspondence of any private business. But apparently his talents are worth more to the manufacturers of toothpaste and bathtubs. He is now on the staff of a firm of consulting engineers who can market his services to their clients at several times the compensation he could obtain while rendering the same services for the largest employer of all. Then there is the accountant who, after twelve years with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, became assistant comptroller for one of the nation's largest oil refiners and distributors.

One of the government's outstanding statisticians and administrators recently left the Census Bureau after nine years, during which he rose from \$4600 to \$8500 per annum. He became director of research for an advertising agency which pays him more than twice his peak government sal-

ary. And again there is the regional director of one of the agricultural agencies. He spent eight years in the federal service rising from a salary of \$3200 per annum to \$8000, and then departed to become vice-president of a major packing firm at twice his federal salary. Half a dozen or more top-flight administrators, both finance and personnel men, have been snatched from Washington by a single department store, R. H. Macy and Company. Their alleged devotion to bureaucracy and red tape seems somehow to have proven valuable in the management of one of the world's largest department stores.

Such instances suffice to indicate who these émigrés are. They include professional and scientific men, and administrative officers as well. Of course, less able and devoted civil servants also quit occasionally to capitalize on the "contacts" they have made while in federal employment, to serve as lobbyists or "public relations consultants" or "lawyers" in Washington. But their leaving may be disregarded. The émigrés who constitute a great loss to the government are the career men. Most of them intended to devote their lives to the public service. But after having attained positions of major importance, the almost irresistible lure of private payrolls has drawn them away.

President Truman recently complained that he spends a third of his time trying to induce men who earn more than he can offer, to take important governmental jobs, and convinc-

ing men now in government to remain in low salaried public jobs a little longer. That is eloquent testimony to the seriousness of the problem. But all heads of federal departments face the same situation. On a single day Attorney General Tom Clark, Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson, and Federal Works Administrator Philip Fleming each testified to the Senate Civil Service Committee that his department was daily losing some of its best people, that adequate replacements were almost impossible to hire, and that the public business suffered.

III

Chester Bowles, then Economic Stabilization Director, told the House Civil Service Committee later that government must find a way to retain its ablest people. A former advertising executive himself, he can judge government executives and government salaries against the background of his experience in business. He testified that the government cannot retain men of the requisite ability at present salaries. Government employes, on the average, he contended, hold their own in any comparison with those of private industry — but are paid markedly less. The following day, Atom-Bomb General Groves voiced similar views. The United States cannot maintain world leadership in scientific developments, General Groves declared, unless government salaries for scientists of all sorts are materially increased. A galaxy of scientists,

headed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, confirmed his views. To a man these scientists, who contributed radar, atom bombs, DDT, and other marvels of science to the winning of the war, advised that the government can't expect scientists to continue to live on government salaries during peacetime. "Enough's enough; we did our part so long as there was a war, but government doesn't have any right," they said in effect, "to expect us to continue to work at low salaries indefinitely."

The effect of the constant draining off of the ablest government executives is regrettably apparent. Typically, agencies of the federal government go through an easily recognizable "life cycle." When established or when overhauled in the face of an emergency (such as the Veterans Administration has recently experienced), they attract to their staffs many able men and women. While the agency is young and developing new legislation and new services (*e.g.*, the Securities and Exchange Act, the National Labor Relations Act, or the Social Security Act) these staff members lend momentum and imagination. Then the program becomes established. Growth slows down. Routine replaces novelty. Aggressive, able and ambitious officials find themselves in stationary niches which promise less interesting work and little or no advancement in earnings. So long as the prospect of development lies ahead, they remain. A score of able men and women, for example, have

hung on at the Social Security Board believing that *next* year the social security program would be expanded. But as this prospect dims and monotonous routines become more oppressive, these men and women listen to the call of Mammon. Offers from private industry which they refused during the more exciting stage of development, while they were progressing from rank to rank, are eventually accepted.

Although their motives for accepting are almost entirely pecuniary, this is not to say that government would have to compete with the \$20,000 to \$100,000 annual salaries paid in industry. Consider a typical case — ex-public servant Roger Thomas. That is not his name, but the circumstances are those that led up to his departure from the government.

Roger Thomas has a wife and two children, a son aged sixteen, and a daughter thirteen. He started in the federal government at, let us say, the Federal Welfare Administration in 1934 on an unimportant job. He was paid about \$260 a month, \$3200 a year. During the next decade he climbed steadily. By 1942 he had attained a job paying him \$5600 per annum. Then in 1944 he was promoted to a position which, with wartime salary increases, paid about \$7000 a year.

But success for Roger Thomas, as for many men, means an opportunity to give his children more convenience and advantages than he himself en-

joyed. At least, he wants to be able to give them no less in education and comfort than his parents gave him. Thomas had been quite fortunate; his father, a small town doctor, was relatively successful. Roger's father had been able to send him, his brother and two sisters to college, and his oldest sister toured Europe one summer with her college mates. As Roger climbed in the federal hierarchy he was able to afford his young family increasing conveniences. To finance his children's education, he bought small endowment policies to mature when they would enter college. In the year before the war he and his wife combined a vacation in California with an official business trip; they could afford such luxury at last.

Meanwhile Roger got a kick out of public service. He relished his part, even though small, in the "big things," in the formation of national policies. He took pride in his association with "big names," in the opportunity to meet men and women of broad experience and prestige both in public and private life. These characteristics of the job constituted large, although sometimes unrecognized compensations. They overbalanced for years the persistent disrespect which his fellow citizens and neighbors were prone to demonstrate toward civil servants as a class. The term "bureaucrat" rankled him; the term "tax-eater" got under his skin; and the general assumption of governmental inefficiency, which he knew to be unfounded, made him downright sore.

Why did he leave the government? Well, in the end, because increased income taxes and spiraling living costs destroyed all prospect of the standard of living he had unconsciously set as the goal for his family. First, he had to give up the thought of sending his son off to summer camp with the boy's pal down the street. Then he had to give up the endowment policies for his children's education. It wasn't because his family lived extravagantly; they no longer had a maid; they never had belonged to the near-by golf club. Twenty-five per cent of his income had gone for the children's education, vacations, and little luxuries. Now it went for income taxes and higher food and clothing costs. His net income after taxes had been deducted was about \$6400 in 1940, but now, even after salaries were raised, taxes left him only \$6200 to meet higher living costs. And then, when he was invited to come to Chicago and talk with officials of the Marvel Toy Corporation, he had to concede that the salary they offered him, \$12,000, was greater than he could expect if he remained in the government the rest of his life.

Roger Thomas knew that his exit, after twelve years' experience in the federal government, left a hole behind him. He knew the tasks he would undertake in the Marvel Toy Corporation were not a whit more difficult than those he had long performed and would involve much less personal responsibility. He knew that his job in the Federal Welfare Administra-

tion was far more important to many more people than the production of toys. He thought it incongruous that this small private firm could compensate him so much more handsomely for less significant and less exciting duties. But, he had no right, he thought, to insist that his wife pay in the sacrifice of comforts and conveniences, and his children in educational opportunities, for the prestige, "big names" and "big things" which he enjoyed in the public service.

IV

Not all men will forfeit the values of a governmental career for the economic rewards of a private one. There is, for example, William Ashby Jump, the chief financial officer of the Department of Agriculture. For decades he has managed the finances — billions of dollars — of this vast federal enterprise of more than 80,000 employes. A succession of Secretaries of Agriculture, Republican and Democratic alike, have commended his quiet, persistent efficiency. And the Congress insisted, over his protest, that his salary be raised above those of other federal officials doing similar work. Then there is Gordon Clapp, general manager of the T.V.A. He worked his way up to the top over a period of twelve years. During the war, he managed an organization of approximately 20,000 engaged in a huge construction program. He succeeded Jack Blandford, who is at present in China helping to reorganize the Chinese

government. Throughout the war Blandford directed the National Housing Agency and did a remarkable job of keeping the supply of housing for war workers almost abreast of the skyrocketing demand. Earlier he had served as assistant director of the U. S. Budget and as general manager of the T.V.A. His profession is the public service. He plies it with as great zeal and devotion as a minister of the gospel follows his calling.

Arthur Altmeyer's name and the term "social security" are synonymous in this country. He has been responsible for the Social Security Act and its administration since the idea was launched in 1934. But before there was a social security act, Altmeyer was a faithful, efficient public servant in Wisconsin. He demonstrated there the calm effectiveness as well as the sincere belief in social legislation that has marked his career in Washington.

Many other names could be added, names of the myriad unpublicized figures whose administrative talents keep the giant wheels of government turning, who survive the abuse leveled at "bureaucrats," and whose compensation is limited for life by act of Congress to \$10,000 per annum. Why do they stick it out? Certainly not because they lack the competence to deal with the problems of business. How many business men were ever called upon to undertake as large a task as setting up National Service Life Insurance for all the veterans of World War II? Count the business

men who have conquered a task comparable to the collection of withholding taxes from 20,000,000 new taxpayers. Or how many business men must lease or build each year five million square feet of office space to house far-flung activities? Or how many private accountants have had to cope with such a task as the auditing of the billions of dollars of transactions of the R.F.C. and other government corporations? No, these public servants are not afraid of large tasks, of huge responsibilities.

Actually no single reason can explain why each of them remains in the government's employ. Some take satisfaction from prestige. Some find reward in their acquaintanceship with leaders of industry, science and political affairs. A few remain in the public service because of the security it offers. But the bulk of them stick to their jobs because of the satisfaction they get from knowing they are doing something important for the public welfare. They are not zealots or reformers; that type never stays in tough jobs long. They are simply men who believe that the efficient conduct of the public business is essential to the preservation of the democratic way of life, and a bit more important than even the making of toothpaste, the manufacture of automobiles or the broadcasting of radio entertainment.

Recently Congress revised federal employes' salaries upward. It was at first proposed that the ceiling on executives' salaries be raised from \$10,-

000 to \$15,000. The cost to taxpayers would have to be about \$3,000,000 per annum — less than two-tenths of 1 per cent of the present payroll for all federal employes. But Congress in its infinite wisdom decided again that no federal executive, no matter how important his responsibilities, can be worth more than \$10,000. The taxpayer's stake in this question is not one of larger taxes, but one of efficient management of the services he expects. Not infrequently, some federal executives are called upon to make decisions that will save or waste more than the total annual cost of adequate salaries.

Private business is conducted, by and large, on the theory that whatever you pay for a truly competent executive is little enough. Public business will never compete on these terms. But it will suffer if executives' compensation is not raised sufficiently to retain the men who want to serve the common weal so long as they can provide reasonably for their families. And the North Dakota merchant, the Tennessee sharecropper and the Boston cab-driver must come to realize that \$15,000 may be a lot of money but a government run by men worth less than that is effecting no real economy.

At present we are running the big business of government with men who are largely compensated by the satisfaction of their own altruisms. There are too few competent men who will work for such satisfaction and less than \$10,000 a year.

NOTES OF A NOVICE SENATOR

BY LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

A YEAR ago last January I got off the *Federal Express* from Boston feeling much the way I did on my first day as a freshman at Harvard. Not knowing how to get to my office in the Senate Office Building and not really sure whether I had one yet, I asked for Senator Weeks' office. I was finally shown to Room 141. This has been the home of three Harvard men: Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., '24, Sinclair Weeks, '14, and now myself. Incidentally, the Senate Office Building is known everywhere in Washington as S.O.B., so I find there is one thing that all senators share in common; their mail is often addressed like mine — "Senator Saltonstall, S.O.B., Washington, D. C."

When I found my office and finished the day's work, I had no idea how to get to the house I had rented. I knew the address, but actually started off in the opposite direction. Since then I have learned a lot about finding my way around, but I can still get confused in going around the corridors of the Senate Office Building.

I am more frequently asked about the amount of mail I receive than any other question. The total has run as high as 1400 letters in one day, but more usually it runs somewhere between two and three hundred a day. This is considerably heavier mail than was the rule when I was Governor.

On January 4 the Pittsfield (Mass.) *Eagle* commented in an editorial: "A member of Congress is much more apt to be called upon to act the errand boy than the head of a governmental unit." I want to assure you that this is absolutely correct. A Joint Committee on Reorganization of Congress recently reported that 80 per cent of the time of a senator or congressman is spent on other than legislative matters. It didn't take me long in Washington to find out that this was apparently the reason in the minds of many people back home why I was sent here. Almost the first day I received a request to deliver a letter personally to a distinguished governmental official. So, in spite of the fact he had just resigned under protest and, I knew, was busy moving

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, is now junior United States Senator from that state. This summary of impressions gained during his first year and a half in the Senate is reprinted with permission from the Harvard Alumni Bulletin.

out, I decided that my duty called upon me to deliver it. I am glad I did, for it gave me the opportunity to have a very pleasant chat with a fine citizen. I have been running errands ever since.

In order that you may have a little more idea of the training and education you need if you become a member of Congress, I mention briefly some of the requests my mail brings. Since V-J Day my heaviest mail has been requests to help boys get out of the services, to obtain transfers within the services, to get emergency furloughs in a case of illness or sudden difficulties at home, or to assist them in other ways with the departments of government. As soon as I receive such a request I send a telegram to the person who has written the letter to give him the procedure which he must follow, or to ask for further details or, if details are complete, I state that "I will take it up with the proper authorities within the department." This of course necessitates making contact with the various departments of our armed forces many times each day and has taken by far the largest part of the time of my office for many months. This is a service we are only too glad to give, however.

Another subject which has brought not only letters but many personal calls has been difficulties with the prices set by the OPA on various articles. The many problems of the OPA bring out the fact that a senator is expected to be completely

conversant with all varieties of industry and every agricultural pursuit. To mention only a few that I have had to understand in recent months, I may include machine tools and many kinds of machinery, valves, pistols, all kinds of electronic devices, cream, kerosene, lumber, all kinds of grain for cattle and poultry, shirts, babies' underwear, women's dresses, all types of fabrics, to say nothing of children's toys, babies' bassinets, and even caskets. I can thus truly say that I have been asked to cover everything from the cradle to the grave. Let me add that the most specific requests have come from ladies who desire me to buy them nylon stockings (which I can't) and in one case, to add a glass dog to a collection.

I AM also frequently requested to secure visas or speed passports, to advise on how to obtain civil service positions in various departments and localities, or to provide constituents with introductions to some of the many departments of the government. One constituent recently called for special assistance in securing fish for a private lake or stream, while another wanted to ship breeding frogs to Guam. I learned for the first time that there are no frogs on Guam, but I hope by now we have sent enough information to speed them on their way.

A senator's daily mail on matters of current interest often follows very closely the articles of various columnists. Or again you can see how it

has been obviously inspired by the radio address of a commentator, Inspired mail is very easily detected because it generally comes either in exactly the same form or from exactly the same locality at the same minute. When mail of this character arrives in great bulk, it is necessary to answer it with a form letter or fall behind in our daily work. If the letters are not answered in this way, they cannot be answered at all or without long delay.

It is surprising the number of people who take the trouble to cut articles out of the newspapers and magazines and send them to me without telling me who they are. A surprising number of people write letters at length without signing them, while others sign their names but fail to give their addresses.

I get many requests to send all kinds of government publications. To fill these requests takes time, because my office has to trace each publication to the correct department, often with very little information, secure a copy from the department, and then remail it. Many people could save time if they requested the department to send it direct, as most bureaus are equipped to do. I might add that if the number of publications I send them from time to time is any criterion, some people are apparently building up large libraries.

There really should be college courses on "How to Read the Congressional Directory," in order to teach future government officials

where to go to find needed information. If you want to inquire about the price of grain, for instance, should you start with the Production and Marketing Administration, Director, Grain Branch? Or with the Office of Marketing Services, Chief, Grain Branch; or with the Commodity Credit Corporation, Director of Grain Division, Office of Basic Commodities; or with the OPA, Food Price Division Director, Division for Cereals, Feeds and Agricultural Chemicals, Price Branch, Price Executive; or with the Office of Stabilization? Then again are you sure you ought not to consult as well the Bureau of Reconversion Operations of the Civil Production Administration? Finally, after you have thought all this over perhaps you end by calling the Secretary of Agriculture, and starting with him. Just naming a few of these bureaus connected with grain will give you an idea of the tremendous number of subdivisions and agencies which may have some bearing on a request made of a senator.

May I somewhat lightly suggest that anyone in my position think twice before answering the question: "What dessert do you like best?" While in the Governor's Office I picked Indian pudding. I again chose Indian pudding as a senator. For some unknown reason this was carried in the press with a recipe which my family had used for years. I received letters from people in the North, South, East and West telling me they did not like my recipe. It wasn't what

they called Indian pudding and I had better try their recipe. Objections came not only from individuals, but from companies manufacturing Indian pudding. These last took pleasure in sending me samples of their wares. Perhaps someday I may write an article entitled, "Indian Puddings I Have Eaten."

Before leaving the question of the various requests I get, I want to say that I sympathize with the gentleman who wrote me that he and his wife already had two children — one sick since birth — and as if that was not trouble enough, his wife was about to have twins, and what was I going to do about it?

I ALSO receive many letters concerning legislative bills, particularly when these are being heard by a committee. If a copy of the bill is asked for, I always send it. But, and it is a big *but*, no member of Congress can possibly be familiar with more than a very limited number of bills. To date, in the Seventy-ninth Congress more than 9000 bills and resolutions have been introduced. Each of these is referred to a committee for action. Many never go further, but those that do in many cases are changed in a great variety of ways before they are reported by the committee and placed on the Senate Calendar. When they reach this stage they may go through without debate if no objection is made when the Calendar is read. If objection is made, they stay on the Calendar until

brought up for debate. Many amendments may be proposed, and the final bill, as passed, may be totally different from the original one which was introduced.

I mention this because it illustrates how impossible it is for a senator to know much about many bills actually introduced into the Congress. My twenty-four years in public office have also taught me to be exceedingly careful how I express an opinion in advance of a vote on any specific measure, since the bill on which I may vote may be substantially different from the one on which I have been asked an opinion. I recently received a letter from an engineer condemning me for not taking a definite stand on a particular bill as it was introduced in the Congress. No hearings had been held. No committee had reported on it, yet he wanted me to state my position unequivocally. In reply I asked him if he gave expert opinion on an engineering problem before all the blueprints of the proposition were before him.

The bulk of the actual legislative work of a senator is done in committee. Each senator is on three major and two minor committees. His position on the committee is determined strictly on the basis of seniority. He is given the opportunity to list his preferences for appointment, and the final selections are made for him by the Majority and Minority Committee on Committees. I am on the committees on Naval Affairs, Fi-

nance, District of Columbia, Library, and Interoceanic Canals, and I consider myself fortunate.

Sometimes congressional hearings are tedious, but more often they are extremely interesting. Most of the problems are new to me. I have taken a particular interest in the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which my colleague, Senator Walsh, is the chairman. He has presided over this committee for many years and knows the problems of the Navy intimately. As a whole, I believe that the discussion concerning the problems brought up in committee is to the point and the decisions are made thoughtfully. I have heard little discussion of politics in committee executive sessions.

It is interesting to see how some of our most distinguished members of the Senate put their effort into the executive discussions rather than take part in any debate on the floor of the Senate. Some of the most influential senators are those who speak the least, and I have learned why. Their results are obtained off the floor, in the cloakrooms and in the committee meetings. The number of hours spent in committee work by individual senators varies greatly. The older members who have the more important committee assignments spend a great many more hours in their committees than I. But, as my second year down here goes on, I find that the time I spend in committee work has increased.

There is much too little opportunity to study the measures pre-

sented for our consideration. There is always plenty of homework to do. I have found from my experience in our state legislature, in the Governor's Office, and now in Washington that unless I am on the committee which has before it the problem, it is much better not to try to study a bill and understand it until its final form is clear and the report of the committee is attached to it. At this point in the bill's career I try to study it thoroughly and to give consideration to the correspondence concerning it.

I have endeavored to be just as much as possible on the floor of the Senate, listening to and participating in the debates, learning procedures, and studying the different techniques used by the senators in presenting their side of the matters under debate. At first, I scarcely ever dared leave the floor as I did not know how to tell what might happen next. Now I am finally beginning to guess a little better when it is important for me to be present and when I can try to catch up in my office work and in my study of measures. But I always have the feeling, if I am not on the floor, that something is happening which I ought to hear and know about. So every morning I try to read the proceedings of the previous day in the *Congressional Record* and be sure I learn about anything I may have missed.

Some of the most important legislation ever to come before the Senate of the United States — the United Nations and the Bretton Woods Agreements — has been passed dur-

ing the last year. The debates on both were extremely interesting, and I did my very best not to miss any of the discussion.

TO REACH the Senate Chamber takes about six or seven minutes from my office via the little electric car that runs in a subway to the Capitol. My seat in the Senate Chamber is between those of Senator Hart of Connecticut and Senator Hickenlooper of Iowa. They are both fine gentlemen, good friends and excellent companions. I have considered it a rare privilege to be in the Senate and to be able to have as friends the men who represent the other states. The better I come to know them, the greater respect I have for their ability, sincerity and energy. This does not mean that I agree with all their opinions on some subjects, but it does mean I am glad to hear their ideas, no matter how different they may be from mine; and I have found them, after debate, always friendly, no matter how violently we may have differed.

The Senate usually meets at noon, and most senators lunch in the Senate Dining Room. One part of this is especially reserved for senators. The Republicans all eat at one table, and the Democrats at another. I do not know how this custom came about. If a Democrat and a Republican want to eat together, they must do so in one of the public rooms. Lunch is one of the pleasantest parts of the day, and it is here that I like to discuss

current and future business and get the opinion of as many fellow senators of both parties as possible, but our ears are always tuned for the bell that rings twice for a quorum or once — long — for a roll call vote. When that happens everyone dashes for the floor, and lunch is forgotten.

One luncheon engagement I enjoy more than any other is on Wednesday, when the Republican senators who were first elected to their seats for the Seventy-eighth or Seventy-ninth Congress lunch together and hear some prominent man tell about his job. We have heard all the high-ranking officers in the Army and Navy, the top department officials and the heads of many war agencies. I have found these meetings extremely helpful and informative and have really learned more of our government at them than in any other way.

One of the questions which I am often asked is how big an office force do I have in Washington. Let me say right off that it is not big enough to handle the volume of work which the present day requires of a senator. At the moment I have an office force of eight — three men and five women. Frankly this does not allow me to keep up with the daily work, and much of the mail, of necessity, has to be done by outside help, for which the government does not pay.

All mail is free under the franking privilege, with an allowance for air mail and special delivery. I can order 15,000 letterheads a month, provided I list on the letterhead the names of

the full membership of a committee of which I am a member. If I want other letterheads, I have to order these against a specific stationery allowance. But, I can make all the local telephone calls I want and 26 (just why this figure I do not know) long distance calls a month, regardless of distance. Telegrams can be sent, too, under certain regulations. Any telegrams which are exactly the same (the so-called "block telegrams") must be ten words or less. That is why some constituents receive ten words or less. To keep an important message so compact is quite a nice little problem in the art of word-juggling.

I think certain other perquisites of a senator may be of interest. For instance, each day there come to my office six bottles of White Rock and two of Poland Water, together with ice. These are put into a bucket. To get an electric refrigerator requires more seniority than I have. While the ice is delivered daily, it also melts daily, and I have not yet found who is responsible for emptying the water out of the bucket. As a junior senator I have taken on this duty myself.

Pictures are framed for senators and I am beginning to make the walls of the three rooms which constitute my office look like home to a Massachusetts visitor. Perhaps even more important is the fact that I can get my shoes shined and hair cut as often as I want, to say nothing of a gymnasium and a swimming pool which permits just six strokes in each direction. I can also receive plants from the Botanic

Garden in my office, but in spite of all the care we give them, they do not seem to like our Massachusetts methods and do not thrive.

ONE thing which makes a senator's life very different from that of a governor is the inability of a senator to make definite appointments in his office and to know ahead of time the schedule which he has to follow. In the State House in Boston I could make definite dates and keep them on a close schedule. Here all engagements have to be made with a complete hedge clause. Committee meetings may be called only a few hours ahead of time, and if I make a speaking engagement and think that I have picked a date on which nothing important will happen, I am sure to find I have chosen a day when an important vote is to be recorded in the Senate. I remember one occasion when I was told that an important vote would surely be taken before two o'clock on a certain Friday. So I broke an important luncheon engagement. Then I found I had to break another similar engagement the following Friday for the very same vote which had hung fire the whole week. This uncertainty of trying to schedule one's time as a senator, I find, is in some measure equally true of the most junior senator or the majority leader.

Perhaps the greatest change in my life during the past year has been on the social side. In the Governor's Office I attended many banquets and conventions, either with or without

Mrs. Saltonstall. For instance, between December 1, 1943, and June 1, 1944, as Governor of Massachusetts I received 1200 invitations. I accepted approximately 200 — or more than one a day.

Here in Washington Mrs. Saltonstall and I have wanted to make as many new friends as we could. There are many, many interesting personalities in this metropolitan city. They come from all over the world to do business with the government of Uncle Sam. The opportunities to meet them and to meet fellow legislators from all over the country come at cocktail parties and social dinners. We attend many of both and almost invariably have a good time and make new friends. The fact that I have met many of the ambassadors of foreign countries and secretaries of the various departments and commission heads has often enabled me to help my constituents by getting in personal touch with the man who knows most about the subject under discussion. It is for that reason that I have endeavored as much as I physically can to take advantage of the hospitality, courtesy and kindness of many people here in Washington. But what I try always to remember is that my first job is to keep in good physical and mental condition, to try to reach

decisions patiently and with understanding and without emotion on the problems that arise from day to day on the Senate floor. The background gained from discussion in social meetings has helped me a great deal to understand more completely the various angles of the problems put up.

I have always tried to devote my whole time and energies to the duties both in fact and expected of any office I happen to hold. I am now trying my very best to carry out that principle in the Senate. Every request that comes to my office we try to take care of just as completely and as promptly as possible. I am trying to learn just as much as I can about the problems before the Senate, both foreign and domestic, and hope to help decide them to the best of my judgment and ability.

During my first year as a novice senator I have persistently tried to keep my sense of humor. When I lose it I know it is time to lay off and take a rest, but I hope it is still reasonably good. In any event I am proud to be a senator of our great country and while I know any part I can play is a very small one, I want to make it one that will help our state and our country prosper so that our children may enjoy what we have enjoyed and a little more, too.



*M*ARRIAGE resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they can not be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

SYDNEY SMITH

GREAT DAYS OF THE GRANGERS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

ALMOST from the first, American railroads had to meet opposition that was seldom if ever disinterested. To begin with, they had to wage a fierce battle to fend off the attacks of the many canal companies. Then the stagecoach lines, bolstered by turn-pike owners and livery stable keepers, leaped at the steam cars and clawed them with preposterous laws, with sabotage, and with some of the ghastliest posters ever lithographed to frighten timid people — pictures of wrecks, derailments and collisions, all dripping with human gore, and well lighted by the fires of burning cars.

The railroads had also to handle the blackmail tactics of pure politicians who had invented a sure-fire method. The politico first dreamed up some law or regulation, wholly useless but which would, if passed, be extremely costly or awkward to the railroads in his state. He then put this into a bill, talked loudly about it, saying that it must become law if honest folks were to be saved from the monster of corporate greed — and waited until some hireling of the railroads dissuaded him by a method as old as man.

All of which, and naturally enough, made the railroads cynical. They fought back as best they could, which

was very good indeed. They proceeded to buy whole legislatures, judges, United States senators and congressmen, just as they bought rails and locomotives. They also invented the free pass, likely the most effective bit of public relations work ever devised, which went not only to all "good" politicians, but to merchants, bankers, shippers, hotel keepers, and of course the clergy. Meanwhile, the roads continued to run trains when and where they pleased. They charged what they would for freight and passengers. They sold stocks and bonds so worthless as to create national scandals.

The first real challenge to these all-powerful corporations grew out of a secret order which, oddly enough in view of its subsequent accomplishments, was founded to "improve the social and intellectual well-being of the farmers." This was the Patrons of Husbandry, commonly called the Grange, which began as a hobby in the mind of a fanatic named Oliver Hudson Kelley.

Kelley was born in Boston in 1826, kin to the Holmes, the Sewall and other old Yankee families, but he seems to have been very restless even for a Yankee of that restless period. After roving through the Midwest,

working as newspaperman and telegrapher, he took up a homestead in Sherburne County, Minnesota. He also did a lot of writing in farm papers, and was soon contributing reports to the federal Bureau of Agriculture. The Bureau found his reports so competent that in 1866 it asked Kelley to tour the devastated South to gather statistical and other information.

Kelley was much more than a gatherer of statistics. He had an excellent mind and was a keen observer of almost everything that passed before his eyes. He wore a beard like a prophet's, already turning white at forty, and had the high, broad forehead usually associated with intellect. Lighting up his face were the eager eyes of the enthusiast, perhaps of the fanatic. His energy and drive were immense. "An engine with too much steam on all the time," said a friend.

What the Southern farmers, plunged into desperate condition by the war, thought of this abnormally active Yankee isn't known; but Kelley looked at them not as a hostile Northerner might but as a fellow agriculturalist. He saw their plight and was sympathetic. Far worse than their physical plight, Kelley thought, was their antiquated thinking and the desolate apathy of their outlook. He pondered the matter and came to the conclusion it was due in large part to lack of social opportunities, lack of chance to meet their fellows.

To think, for Kelley, was to act. By the time he returned to Washington he had in mind an organization of

farmers, built along the lines of the Masonic order to which Kelley belonged, which should serve to bind the farmers together for "purposes of social and intellectual advancement." A radical part of the idea was that women should be admitted.

Kelley went back to his Minnesota homestead and spent a year or so carrying on his farm and mulling over his great idea. Then he returned to Washington and entered the Post Office Department as a clerk. He talked incessantly about his farmer group to employes in the Post Office, the Treasury and Agriculture Departments, and six of them joined with him, on December 4, 1867, in framing and adopting a constitution establishing the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry.

II

The Grange structure embraced seven degrees that built up through local and state granges to a grand hierarchy of the national order, the subordinate degrees bearing names of quaint flavor—Laborer, Cultivator, Harvester and Husbandman, for men; and for the women, Maid, Shepherdess, Gleaner and Matron. The final degree was that of Demeter or Ceres (Faith).

Kelley, logically enough, was made secretary of the high-sounding order that had six members and not a penny in its treasury. He organized Potomac No. 1 in Washington. He quit his job in the Post Office. And in February of 1868 he struck out into the great

open spaces, his eyes glittering with the fire of the true missionary.

It was devilish going. Traveling always on something less than a shoe-string, Kelley worked his way to Fredonia, New York, where he set up what proved to be the first permanent grange. Then he swept on into the Midwest, dispensing charters for local granges and using the small amounts of cash for his expenses. He didn't need much else for he was sheer genius as an organizer. Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, one after the other the farmers fell like ripe grain to Kelley's charm and forceful arguments. Working like a demon, often without enough cash to buy postage stamps, he spent days and nights either in talking or in writing letters. He said little, and probably thought little, of any possible political aspects of the new order.

There was also the mystery of the order, with its archaic names of officers, and the sense of tribalism that went with it. But the more intelligent farmers were quick to see that here was something that could be used to battle the aggressions of corporations, especially of the railroads which they held to be responsible for their bad economic plight. So they came into the Grange in goodly numbers. With the Midwest organized, and with fieldmen sent hurriedly to California and Oregon, Kelley swept into the South and there, in spite of his Yankee manners and accent, founded grange after grange. By the middle of 1874 there were more than 20,000 locals in

the order, with a total of more than 1,500,000 members. No such rise of a fraternal order had been seen before.

The spectacular and sudden growth of the Patrons of Husbandry was due in large part to the farmers' fear and hate of the railroads. This fear and hate was intense because of the arrogant and shortsighted attitudes of the roads, all the way from their boards of directors to the lowliest employé. Shielding themselves behind the famous Dartmouth College decision, which asserted the private character of business corporations so far as their management was concerned, the roads denied the right of the state or federal governments to regulate, or in any way interfere with, their operations.

The period from the end of the Civil War to 1873 was one of great prosperity for the manufacturing interests and the railroads, but not for the farmers. Acreage put to crops had expanded faster than had population. Prices of farm produce were low. Mortgages on farms increased. No longer could the farmer pull up stakes and hit farther west; there was still some West left but the choicest lands had been taken, too many of them, the farmer came to believe, by the railroads that were cursed of God.

So homegrown orators went through the rural regions and told the farmers there was no hope for them except to organize and fight the monster of aggressive capitalism in all of its forms, especially the railroads which took all of the profit out of corn and wheat and hogs and cattle. In dim

schoolhouses and grange halls, and even in dimmer barns, lighted by smoking lanterns, the men of the soil and their women gathered to listen to the drums and the brass of their secular prophets, while frost snapped in the rafters and winds that came out of the Rockies, far to the west, rattled the doors and windows. Aye, and a new wind was rising, a wind of the same sort that had blown old Daniel Shays into dreadful prominence right after the Revolution; but it was now a wind of infinitely greater power. It blew through Muscatine and Union Counties in Iowa, in October of 1872, when Dudley W. Adams, a Master of the Grange, gave voice:

"What we want in agriculture," said he, "is a new Declaration of Independence. We have heard enough, ten times enough, about the hardened hand of honest toil, the supreme glory of the sweating brow, and how magnificent is the suit of coarse homespun which covers a form bent with overwork. . . .

"I tell you, my brother tillers of the soil, there is something in this world worth living for besides hard work. We have heard enough of this professional blarney about the honest farmer, the backbone of the nation. We have been too much alone. We must exchange views. Above all we must think."

The farmers were thinking. They read again from the Preamble to the Patrons of Husbandry: "*The soil is the source from whence we derive all that constitutes wealth.* . . ." They looked

again at the brightly colored lithograph that was hung on walls of grange halls. It showed eight men in individual poses. "I pray for all," says the Parson, one hand pointed upward. "I trade for all," says the Merchant, obviously a rich fellow. "I plead for all," says the black-coated Lawyer. "I legislate for all," says a man who looks uncommonly like James A. Garfield. "I prescribe for all," says the Physician, an elegant figure in a coat of mauve plush. "I fight for all," says the Soldier, drawing his sword. "I carry for all," says a bold, bearded and none too honest appearing ogre at whose back is a diamond-stacked locomotive, belching smoke. And in the center of this stupendous lithograph is a gigantic figure, THE FARMER, with spade in soil, and around him fruits and vegetables of monstrous size and incredible color without end. Says he: "And I PAY for all."

Pamphlets and books were hurriedly composed, printed and sold by subscription through the granges. One of the most popular was Edward W. Martin's rousing tome which was as direct as it was prejudiced. It was the Railroad Monopolies, cried he, that by their unscrupulous course had saddled burdens on the farmers, that had wrecked the financial system of the country, that had debauched and demoralized the courts and legislatures, that had robbed the nation of a domain sufficient to constitute an empire, trampling on individual and public rights and liberties.

"The Grange," declared Author

Martin (a pseudonym), "seeks to array the agricultural class, nearly one half of our whole population, as a compact body against these evils. . . ." Shall we stand idle? he asked.

No, cried the Grangers, first of Illinois, then of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, and so on and on, to include Vermont and Mississippi and Oregon and Kentucky and Alabama, until the "No" welled up in a mighty chorus from forty-two states and territories. The granges as such did not emit the "No." They were merely the meeting and breeding grounds from which came the idea of railroad laws that were to trouble the railroads from that day to this. The laws were proposed, introduced and supported by farmers, Grangers to a man, who called themselves by various names — Anti-Monopoly Party, Producers Convention, Railroad Committee, and so forth.

Written in haste and often under great emotional stress, most of the so-called Granger laws were probably unfair as well as unworkable. Several were downright preposterous. There was a law for almost every item that in any way pertained to the railroads.

Railroad officials suddenly awoke to the storm that had seemed to beat down on them without warning. There had been warning enough, but it had not been heeded. So the embattled roads now threw up their defenses and also counterattacked. On the whole they flatly refused to take the new laws seriously. They violated them at once, were convicted in the lower

courts, then appealed. Yet their attitude toward the farmers, in fact to all of the public, took a sudden and decided change. Right away their employes became courteous and conciliatory. The companies gradually let it be known that they were ready to settle all differences by arbitration with the newly formed state railroad commissions. Alleged overcharges or other possibly unjust treatment were investigated by railroads themselves cooperating with the commissions.

The railroads had often been badgered, but now they were meeting the first competent opposition they had ever known. They closed ranks, forgot their internecine wars of rates and rights of way, and fought back. They hired expensive counsel to hamstring the new laws. When they pretended to obey the new laws, they managed by ingenious and subtle methods to show that the laws worked greater hardship on the public than on the roads. By every legal means, and some of doubtful legality, they fought a rousing good fight from 1870 to 1876, and in some states for three years longer. And constantly they sought to conciliate the public.

Virtually all of the Granger laws were soon repealed, or otherwise became inoperative. By 1876 the Grange itself was weakening. Comparative prosperity had meanwhile come to the farmer. He no longer saw red when he saw a train of steam cars. Then, too, the Grangers of several states had been beguiled into starting cooperative stores and manufacturing

enterprises. Many of the stores failed, and the Iowa Grange's great experiment in making farm machinery went down in disaster that called for many a mortgage on a farm. The Grange itself has remained to this day the one great bond between farmers in all parts of the Republic.

III

Even though they were largely repealed before ever they had a chance to be tried, the Granger laws set a new style for railroads. They led to decisions of the United States Supreme Court, says Solon J. Buck, authority on the Granger movement, which established the rights of states to control railroads, and thus laid the ground for later federal legislation.

When the smoke of battle had cleared, even a few railroad officials admitted publicly the need for the Granger laws. A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago Great Western, upheld the Grangers and remarked that the evils which most railroad men laid to the laws were really the result of bad management on the part of the roads themselves. And our greatest railroad philosopher, Charles Francis Adams, revealed with merciless clarity the abuses in railroad management and said the Granger laws were perhaps necessary to bring about a better understanding of the obligations of railroad corporations.

As for Oliver Hudson Kelley, gen-

ius of the Patrons of Husbandry, he must have been amazed, and perhaps not wholly pleased, at the odd turn given to his little fraternal lodge, with its idea of social and intellectual improvement. He resigned as general secretary in 1878 and went to Florida, where he founded the town of Carrabelle. He soon returned to Washington, however, and in 1905 was pensioned by the order he had helped to found. He died in 1913.

When the tremendous reform movement of the Grange had spent its force, many of its members, while retaining their membership in the order, went into other groups that were openly political and continued to carry the fight against the railroads, and much else, to the end of the century. These Grangers, ex or otherwise, became the Agricultural Wheel, the Farmers Alliance, the Greenbackers, the Farmers Union, the Brothers of Freedom, the Farmers Mutual Benefit Association, the Cooperative Union of America, and at last, with ebullient Ignatius Donnelly trumpeting their platform, the Populist Party. One of the many demands of the Populists was not regulation but ownership of the railroads by the government. Never since Kelley started his group of Husbandmen and Shepherdesses have the railroads been free from one reform group or another. It has probably been a very good thing, too, not only for the public but for the railroads.



THE LIBRARY

Ochs of the Times

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

ADOLPH SIMON OCHS must have been one of the most elusive personalities of his time. He was certainly one of the greatest journalists this nation has produced, and he built a newspaper that is in some respects supreme in the world, but no one has as yet got him down on paper in clearly etched and readily understandable form.

That goes for Gerald W. Johnson, whose book about Ochs, *An Honorable Titan*, carries in its subtitle the words "A Biographical Study."¹ Mr. Johnson is a newspaperman, essayist and historian of great talents, and he has given us a comprehensive and competent study of the journalistic career and achievements of Adolph Ochs, but less than one would like about Ochs the man.

There is a dearth of anecdotes in the book. Very few little stories which illustrate traits of character are to be found in these pages. Ochs was an individual of prodigious energy, great

ability, strong convictions, high principles and becoming modesty, says Mr. Johnson, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of these declarations; but the relatively trivial, yet often significant episodes which lend both readability and vividness to biographical material are largely lacking. It is helpful, for example, to be told that the eminent publisher liked to relax in the company of his nieces and nephews, to take them with him on trips to Europe, and to frolic with them at fairs and picnics, but there are few details. We also are informed that "all his life when Adolph Ochs really put his mind to the business of being charming he was a wonder," but no direct evidence is presented.

There are, of course, two schools of thought with respect to biographical writing. One, which draws its chief inspiration from Lytton Strachey, is fond of putting words into the mouths of the personages written about, and of describing their facial expressions

¹\$3.50. Harper.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY has been editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* since 1936, and a regular contributor to the *New York Times* since 1929. He has published two books on the South, where he is well known as a writer of liberal views.

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or their thoughts, even when there is no documentary evidence whatever upon which to base such material and the writing is done scores or hundreds of years after the parties in question have died. The other school insists upon rigid documentation for everything.

Mr. Johnson's book is in the latter tradition. He was handicapped at the outset, as he realized, by the fact that his subject was a much less colorful and picturesque figure than such contemporaries as Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst. The quiet, unassuming Ochs, with his rather small stature and soft-spoken ways, is a more difficult individual to portray biographically than the sparkling, if eccentric, genius who published the *New York World*, or the brawling Sage of San Simeon, with his constant emphasis on sex and sensationalism.

Yet this study of Ochs' journalistic career is both arresting and instructive. It takes us from his early days in Chattanooga, where he failed dismally with one paper, the *Dispatch*, and then made a success of a second, the *Times*, to his amazing entry into the New York field, against such journalistic behemoths as Bennett and Dana, Hearst, Godkin and Pulitzer, where the cards were seemingly stacked against him, and where he overcame all obstacles to build the newspaper which the world admires today.

Pulitzer and Hearst were then at the height of their epic battle for circulation, and stunts, comic strips

and other similar devices were being used on a lavish scale. Ochs deliberately avoided such methods, and made his appeal to those who preferred fairness, accuracy and intelligibility. He even announced that he was appealing to "thoughtful, pure-minded people," and proclaimed that the *Times* would give the news in "language that is permissible in good society." If this seemed less stilted in 1896 than it does today, it was extraordinary enough even then. The circulation-building antics of Pulitzer and Hearst have been mentioned; Bennett's *Herald* had been brought into court for publishing brothel advertisements; so it can be seen that the atmosphere into which Ochs projected his exhortation to the pure-minded was a lurid one. He seemed not at all concerned by the terrific competition he was facing. From the moment he gained control of the insolvent and floundering *Times* he felt supremely confident of success.

After the war with Spain, in which the *Times* had stood on the sidelines while various enterprising rivals piled up circulation, Ochs struck out boldly. He cut the price of the paper from three cents to one, when all his conservative rivals were charging three. If the experiment had failed, he would have been wiped out. It succeeded magnificently, for circulation rose promptly from 26,000 to 75,000, and with this large readership advertising revenue skyrocketed. From that time forward the *Times* was financially

II

It is obvious that Ochs never set out to make the *Times* a crusading paper. He was after a stable and substantial circulation, based on the desire of the intelligent public for fair and complete news. Whereas there had been something like militancy in the paper's editorial page when it was blasting the Tweed Ring, President Grant and James G. Blaine in the seventies and eighties, it was never particularly aggressive under Ochs. True, he threw it against William Jennings Bryan in 1896 and in 1900 — supporting Palmer and Buckner in the first campaign and McKinley in the second — but the *Times* backed every Democratic nominee for the presidency thereafter, except when it bolted to Willkie in 1940.

Down through the years the *Times* editorial page has seldom thrown off sparks. For decades after Ochs acquired it, the page was directed by Charles R. Miller, whose scholarship was impeccable but whose stuffiness was proverbial. Miller was succeeded by Rollo Ogden, a gentleman of high intellectual integrity whose editorials reflected that quality but like Miller's, were pallid by comparison with so brilliant a page as that of the *World*. Then, under John H. Finley, the *Times* maintained its reputation for well-informed dignity, but it continued to be weak in those dynamic qualities of manner and content which occasionally lift the reader out of his seat. Under Charles Merz, who took

over after Ogden's death, the page has been less concerned with Wordsworthian and Tennysonian poetry than of yore, and it frequently carries editorials that are informative and well-turned. Nevertheless the paper still wears its morning clothes at all times. It never tosses its coat aside, yanks off its collar, rolls up its sleeves and wades into the opposition.

I was told twenty years ago by a distinguished New York newspaperman that Ochs positively preferred a dull editorial page, and saw to it that the *Times* editorials never became sufficiently arresting to divert attention from the paper's superb news coverage. The page seems to have improved definitely under Mr. Sulzberger, who may have a different editorial philosophy from that attributed to his father-in-law. I am convinced, however, that the *Times* is still much less pre-eminent editorially than it is as a purveyor of news. Typographically, too, the editorial page is difficult. The absence of a cartoon makes for a dead level of uniformity, while the small captions and narrow columns call for a positive effort on the part of the reader.

The question whether the *Times* has a "liberal" or a "conservative" page is not in issue here. It belongs unquestionably in the conservative bracket. Mr. Johnson does not discuss this question at any length, but he quotes from the will of Mr. Ochs: "I trust its editorial page may continue to reflect the best informed thought of the country, honest in

every line, more than fair and courteous to those who may sincerely differ with its views."

The fact is, of course, that the *Times* has always been primarily a newspaper, not an organ of opinion, and therein lies both its splendid strength and its relative weakness. It is greater as a purveyor of news than any daily in the world. Ever since the young Adolph Ochs issued a special European edition for the Paris Exposition of 1900, it has pioneered in this field. Soon afterward Ochs arranged to trade his special correspondence for the continental dispatches of the London *Times*, and this arrangement continued until the eve of the First World War. It was then that he began developing his own group of foreign correspondents. The result has been an intensity of foreign coverage not matched elsewhere. The paper also has the largest Washington bureau of any paper, as well as scores of special correspondents throughout the country.

During the Second World War the *Times* surpassed all its rivals in the completeness of its news report. Continuing in the tradition of the late C. V. Van Anda, the great managing editor who was given an almost free hand to build up the paper's news coverage during the first three decades of the century into the magnificent organ which we know today, it distributed an army of correspondents along far-flung battlefronts, and in the Allied capitals. It also continued the practice begun long ago under

Ochs of publishing all important addresses and official documents in full, and thus maintained its pre-eminent position as the recognized newspaper "of record." Future historians are certain to find in the *Times* a treasure trove of material not available in any other paper, American or European.

III

The only American dailies which have given the *Times* serious competition in foreign news coverage are the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. Occasionally one or the other of these excellent papers has had clear superiority at this or that point, and some of their writing has been tighter and more incisive than that of the *Times*, but the latter's foreign staff has maintained a consistently high average. There is no paper which can point to such an array of distinguished reporters upon, or analysts of, international affairs as the *Times*. One thinks of the courageous writing of Otto D. Tolischus from Berlin in the days when the Nazis were preparing their lunge for world domination; of Herbert L. Matthews and his forthright and revealing dispatches on the Spanish Civil War; of G. E. R. Gedye and his unterrified reporting from Central Europe when Vienna and Prague were being crushed beneath the hobnailed boots of stormtroopers; of Cyrus L. Sulzberger's brilliant dispatches from all corners of Europe and the Middle

East; and of James B. Reston's able reporting of various world conferences. Such staff writers as these enabled the *Times* to provide the best over-all coverage anywhere of the events leading up to, as well as during and after, World War II.

Indeed, the newspaper which most editors consider indispensable is the New York *Times*. It is not a "newspaperman's newspaper" in the sense that the old *World* was, for it is too sedate and colorless, but it is the one journal, without a peer among dailies as a source of reference material, which can also be counted on to give at least reasonably complete handling of all genuinely significant national and international events.

Under Ochs the *Times* pioneered in many directions. It was the first paper to have a Sunday magazine, in the modern sense of the term, as well as the first to have a Sunday *Book Review*. (The *Book Review* for many years treated books as news, rather than as subjects for critical appraisal, a fact which caused the section to be less highly regarded in literary circles than it would otherwise have been.) The *Times* also was more alert than other newspapers to the great scientific innovations, such as aviation and wireless telegraphy. The flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, the various polar and transatlantic flights, Marconi's wireless, and other epochal developments in the scientific world were exhaustively handled by experts.

It is important to note, too, that Ochs was not only careful to avoid

cheapening the paper by carrying comics, or advertising deemed to fall below his high standards; he was also scrupulous not to compromise its independence. Soon after he took it over, Tammany offered to put all municipal advertising, totaling some \$30,000 a year, into the *Times*. Ochs sorely needed \$30,000 at that period, but he refused the offer, despite the fact that the paper was criticising Tammany and had every intention of continuing to do so. He was afraid that even if he accepted the advertising without abating criticism of Tammany people would say that the paper's editorial position was being influenced.

Many years later a powerful Wall Street banker wrote a letter condemning the *Times* for publishing highly damaging verbatim testimony concerning a congressional investigation of the securities markets. The financier intimated that since big business had been kind to Ochs, he ought to see that the scandals being unveiled in Washington were either soft-pedaled or suppressed in the paper's columns. Mr. Johnson tells us that Ochs, after fuming in his office and finding it impossible to get his outraged indignation down on paper in coherent fashion, called the banker on the telephone and "all but melted the wires." The Wall Streeter made no further efforts to muzzle the *Times*.

One of the *Times*' most conspicuous services has been its espousal of the philosophy of world collaboration. If there is one cause in which it has

enlisted with something approaching passion, this is it. And here its contribution has been great. Every effort toward international understanding, every agency for the promotion of that understanding, from the League of Nations to the United Nations, has enjoyed the *Times*' sympathetic and vigorous support.

We have in the *Times*, then, one of the great ornaments of journalism. Denounced by leftists as an organ of hidebound reaction, belabored by isolationists as a tool of Great Britain or some other foreign government or interest, it goes its serene and un-

ruffled way, providing its readers (now numbering over 555,000 daily and over 1,000,000 on Sundays) with news coverage of unparalleled completeness, with articles on political, economic, literary and dramatic subjects unsurpassed in journalism, and with editorials which are conservative in philosophy and cogent in phraseology but tepid in spirit. The *Times* is carrying on in the tradition built into it and bequeathed to it by Adolph Ochs. The basic elements in that tradition are lucidly and gracefully set forth by Gerald Johnson in his biographical study of the man who made the *Times* what it is today.



SUNDAY MORNING

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE distant bells of memory toll
The warm eagerness of childhood
And the first thoughts of love.
They toll the deep sorrow
Of hopes unfulfilled
And dreams of early manhood and maturity
Chilled by reason and resignation.

Toll on, toll on!
Let recollection unburden its melancholy
That binds all humanity
In one identity.

THE CHECK LIST

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

EXPERIMENT IN GERMANY, by Saul K. Padover. \$3.75. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. Dr. Padover was an OSS officer who led a psychological warfare team into Germany at Aachen and went on with it to Wiesbaden, which they reached after seven months. His task was to investigate the state of mind of Germans of all classes. Here he gives many of his findings. He writes dramatically and with penetration, and his volume makes an important contribution to the history of the war. He found, in the main, that the Germans were not hoodwinked by the Nazis, but that an appallingly large number of them look upon the Nazi philosophy as a good philosophy. The evidence he presents is overwhelming.

INDIA TODAY, by Raleigh Parkin. \$3.75. *John Day*. A new edition, completely revised, of a book which sets forth in small compass those facts of India's history which are pertinent to the big question of independence today. Not for the casual reader, this is a thorough and orderly examination of the social and economic structure of India, the development of her political institutions, and the background of the current political picture there. There are useful appendices.

I CHOSE FREEDOM, by Victor Kravchenko. \$3.50. *Scribner's*. Mr. Kravchenko walked out of his job with the Soviet Purchasing Commission in the United States on April 4, 1944, and in this book he tells what finally led him, a former Soviet Army officer and government official, to take this drastic step. His book is an engrossing autobiography and an important political document. Few other writers have written in such detail and so convincingly of the dread and degradation of life in the Soviet police state. And few people have written so thoroughly of the amazing inefficiency and duplicity of that state. Mr. Kravchenko points out that many of the Russian

people are privy to the fraud of Soviet "democracy"; among them was none other than Stalin's wife, who spoke quite freely in opposition to her husband's butcheries — and who paid for her indiscretion with her life.

LITERATURE

THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND, by Cyril Connolly. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. The eminent young English critic and editor of *Horizon*, the English literary periodical, has here collected a number of his essays written in the years 1927-1944. They deal with such men as Housman, Thomas Mann and Gide, and also with such subjects as "Defects of English Novels" and "French and English Cultural Relations." The piece on Dean Swift is acute and well written, as are two or three other pieces, but most of them are pretty labored and obvious. The attack on Housman's poetry is pointless and boorish. The book will embarrass Mr. Connolly's admirers.

LAFCADIO HEARN, by Vera McWilliam. \$3.00. *Houghton, Mifflin*. This is an "objective recital" of the facts of Hearn's life and it has every evidence of thoroughness and soundness. While Mrs. McWilliam attempts little formal criticism, it is clear that she fully appreciates the qualities of the author of *Fantastics* and *Stray Leaves from Stray Literatures*. He was an excellent reporter, he did splendid service in introducing Flaubert and Baudelaire to this country and he was one of the very first to praise Poe. He has been long neglected and Mrs. McWilliam's able work does much to restore him to his proper place in literary history.

HISTORY

TOP SECRET, by Ralph Ingersoll. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Mr. Ingersoll, editor of *PM*, was a lieutenant-colonel during the war, a good deal of time attached to the plans section of General Omar Bradley's field headquarters, where he had an opportunity to get an over-all picture of the

conflict and the major Anglo-American leaders directing it. He thinks that Eisenhower, by and large, was a "political general," whom the British "handled" with ease. In his opinion our best general was Bradley. Of Field Marshal Montgomery he says that not only the Americans but the British as well "found him arrogant to the point of bumptiousness — bad mannered and ungracious. . . . Presently we came to the conclusion that in addition to being a boor, he was a very bad general. So, I am quite sure, did the British." His conclusion is the following: "During the war, the British attempted to manipulate our military policy so that we fought the war the way they wanted it fought — which was an anti-Russian way. They did not succeed. Now, with equal determination, they are attempting to manipulate American foreign policy to link our future irretrievably with theirs. If they succeed, and if there is a third world war, we will surely fight it for them — against the Russians." Whether Mr. Ingersoll is right or wrong is for historians to decide; but it is plain that his objectivity was mixed with a considerable dose of emotionalism.

THE BLACK BOOK: The Nazi Crime against the Jewish People. \$5.00. *The Jewish Black Book Committee*. This is the bill of indictment against the Nazi-Germans, gathered by the Jewish Black Book Committee composed of many Jewish organizations in America and Europe. Fundamentally, the indictment is that the Nazi-Germans "wilfully and without provocation, 'of their malice aforethought,' attempted the murder of a whole people and in pursuance of this design did actually murder millions of individuals. Only the military defeat of the Germans at the hands of the Allied Nations prevented the complete effectuation of their purpose, which was nothing more nor less than annihilation." Probably no more damning document against a modern nation has ever been published anywhere. There are many illustrations from official sources.

BIOGRAPHY

THE WILSON ERA, by Josephus Daniels. \$4.00. *University of North Carolina Press*. This fat book is the fourth volume of Mr. Daniels' autobiography. It covers — and this is of direct

timeliness now — his war years as Secretary of the Navy, and the immediate post-World-War-I years. The method of presentation is that of the scrapbook rather than conventional memoirs: it is episodic, fragmentary, filled with detailed accounts of the controversies of the time, rendering in full who said what to whom on this or that hot occasion. And it has a most useful index. Its record value alone therefore makes it an important book.

PUSHKIN: POET AND LOVER, by Lydia Lambert. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. This is a fictional biography of one of Russia's greatest poets. It is a disgraceful performance. Here, for example, is Miss Lambert's description of Pushkin's first few moments of life: "The newborn infant was wriggling and clenching his little brown hands in a wicker basket beside his mother's gilt bed. Sergei Lvovich bent and kissed him on the forehead, for he always remembered the proper thing to do." The translation from the French is by Willard R. Trask.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE FEVER BARK TREE, by M. L. Duran-Reynals. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. Here is the story of man's fight against malaria, which is of course the story of the discovery of quinine in the bark of the cinchona tree and of the development of this drug. The author's handling of her subject is wholly admirable: she has produced a lucid, readable and yet solid piece of historical writing, mostly medical but with necessary sections on social, political and military episodes.

HONG KONG HOLIDAY, by Emily Hahn. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. A misleading title hides a highly original and interesting book of wartime personal experience. Miss Hahn was in Hong Kong when the Japanese attacked; she remained there with her young child until repatriated on the *Gripsholm's* second voyage. With few exceptions, Miss Hahn's characters — the Japanese conquerors; the internees, whose world had come entirely unstuck; the dubious Eurasians, spies, demi-mondes, or whatnot; the Chinese; and many others — come alive to the reader as persons. The book is very ably written, a kind of horror story told gracefully and urbanely.

THE OPEN FORUM

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE IN COLLEGES

SIR: The leading article in your July number has a misleading title. The author does not actually discuss his ostensible subject, "Religious Prejudice in Colleges," but addresses himself to racial prejudice in colleges. He speaks, it is true, of measures which various institutions take to prevent a "disproportionate influx of Catholics, Negroes and Jews," but he gives no evidence whatever that there is, in fact, any discrimination against Catholics as such, and it is surely obvious that the discrimination against Negroes and Jews is based on race, not on religion. The author must be singularly naïve if he really thinks that Jews lose their Jewishness by conversion to Christianity. Shakespeare seems to have been of this opinion (witness Jessica in the *Merchant of Venice*), and no doubt it might well work that way if Shakespeare's point of view still prevailed, but nowadays the popular attitude is different: many people consider the converted Jew to be the worst of his race. Presumably they doubt the sincerity of his new profession of faith and regard him as a timeserver and renegade. In any case the average man thinks of the Jews as a race, not as a religious group. The scientists assure us that this is all wrong, and that no Jewish race exists. But the general public has, so far, remained unaffected by this particular scientific finding. The attitude of the public toward Jews prevents their assimilation, whether they become Christians or no. It is a pity that Mr. Dodson has approached his subject with such wrongheaded prepossessions. The problem with which he deals has little or nothing to do with religion; it is a matter of race (or supposed race) pure and simple.

KEMP MALONE

Baltimore, Md.

SIR: Religious prejudice in colleges, as seen in the discrimination against students seeking admission, is discussed in the first article in the July issue of the *MERCURY*. There appears on pages 11 and 12 a list of 56 colleges, presumably chosen because of their low percentage of Jewish students. Five of these schools are Baptist, while other Protestant denominations are represented

by other colleges. However, I searched the list in vain for Notre Dame, Georgetown, Fordham, etc. Does this mean that Catholic schools have a high percentage of Jewish students, or does it merely mean that your author assumes that Catholic schools are for Catholic students, but Protestant schools ought to be for everyone?

Some of us face this problem from a different point of view. We are appalled at the low percentage of Baptist students in Baptist schools, and assume a similar situation may exist in the colleges of other Protestant denominations. While we do not desire to discriminate against anyone, does it not seem reasonable that preference should be given those from the religious group which established and still supports the denominational school? Indeed, if these schools are giving the Christian emphasis the churches expect, non-Christians ought not to desire admission. A much stronger argument might have been found in discrimination against the Negro where the matter of religion does not enter the picture.

The situation in colleges without religious connections is entirely different, and your second list on page 12 shows a much higher percentage of Jewish students in schools of this character. The problem you have pictured is a very real one and ought to give concern to all. However, it does no good to overlook the fact that Protestant colleges are expected to present a Christian emphasis, and still have a responsibility to those for whom they were established.

HAROLD O. McNEIL

Rockville Centre, N. Y.

SIR: I agree with Mr. Dodson that the religious prejudice in colleges is lamentable. And I have a great deal of sympathy for all who are frustrated in the desire for learning. But even though this is America — where men of good will abound — we cannot live by beautiful theories. I doubt, therefore, that Mr. Dodson's excellent and sincere article will do much to help matters. It will only serve to remind the potential anti-Semite that a much larger percentage of our Jewish population is qualified both financially and intellectually for

college entrance than the qualifying percentage of the Aryan group. And no one likes to be reminded of inferiority.

The world had little tolerance for the German super-race idea. How can you expect America to admit that Jews are superior enough to warrant their dominating the professions? And you can't prove, even though I sincerely wish you could, that this domination would not occur if quotas were removed in our colleges. The seeds of revolution are sown whenever a minority achieves undue influence. This sounds pretty cold-blooded. But we cannot honestly refuse to face it just because it is embarrassing and unpleasant, especially in view of what history has taught us in this matter.

One more thing. Why does Mr. Dodson so hurriedly gloss over the Negro aspect of this problem? After all, the Jews can afford to provide themselves with adequate facilities, if need be, whereas Negroes are absolutely dependent on the meager crumbs of education that society deigns to throw to them.

AUSTIN C. SMITH

Ilion, N. Y.

THE CHURCH AND THE CLERGY

SIR: Upon coming a thousand miles from the interior of China to Shanghai, I was delighted to get my hands on a copy of the August 1945 *AMERICAN MERCURY*. After having observed the best and worst of variegated forms of paganism in Africa, India and China, I was interested in "What Ails the Church?" by Alson J. Smith. However, before I was halfway through the article, I found myself saying, "What the hell ails that church man?" His reference to the Catholic Church as the worm in Christendom's fruit was a direct affront to millions of self-sacrificing Catholic priests and laymen who served and are still serving in the Armed Forces.

I would suggest that Mr. Smith take a trip to Washington in order to make an unbiased study of the number of acknowledged Catholic men and women who served in all branches of our country's forces. He might go also to the casualty files and compute the thousands of gallons of American Catholic blood that was freely spilled on a hundred foreign shores; after a visit to the Office of the Chief Chaplain he could contrast the number of Catholic chaplains with the attendance figures at Masses held in stateside garrison chapels as well as at altars set up under combat conditions. There he could read the records of numerous American, French, German, Italian

and Spanish Catholic missionaries in China, Indo-China and Burma, who, before the advent of American ground forces and without any recompense or recognition, rescued downed American fliers, and shared their rice with rationless GIs. Later they rendered inestimable service to the American forces in the Orient by serving as guides, interpreters and locators of Jap prison camps, to say nothing of attending to the spiritual needs of our troops and reverently burying our American dead.

Then I would suggest to Mr. Smith that he board a troopship entering New York Harbor and ask a few thousand veterans who had been in Algeria and Libya, if it would have made any difference, had Catholic Franco been persuaded to give Hitler's legions access to Gibraltar or Ceuta at a time when our position in North Africa was only relatively secure. Reverend Smith says that among the Catholic prerogatives was "the right to keep Spain illiterate." To whom does he attribute the illiteracy in many of our own Southern states, and in Egypt, Persia, India and China? From personal observation I can say that the influence of the Catholic Church in many of these places is virtually non-existent.

Being a reasonably well-educated and most curious newspaperman I can say without fear of contradiction by those who accompanied me, that after 24,000 miles of jeeping, trucking, marching and flying, I have yet to find any evidence of the Catholic Church's "constitutional inability to resist the temptation to temporal power or hierarchical arrogance." The most humble and gracious man I met overseas was the Catholic Bishop of Kunming, in Yunnan Province, Western China. Of course, he could be a proud man too. It would have amazed you to see how proud he was one evening, while at dinner with a dozen ranking American officers—all non-Catholics save the writer—when the discussion turned to the contribution of the various nations towards a peaceful world. He rolled up his sleeves to show the shrapnel wounds and still visible bayonet slashes he received while serving as a corporal in a French machine gun unit in 1916. Had he been charged with your "temporal appetite," he should have elected the career of another corporal (killed in the Battle of Berlin) and not gone to what is just about the poorest, filthiest, dangerous and least known portion of the civilized world, to labor among peoples whose ingratitude and banditry varies in direct proportion to their illiteracy.

True, my immigrant ancestors like to pray and find peace in the quiet of Gothic churches which

they have built in America, but that does not necessarily mean that we are feudal-minded. Nor as a satisfied citizen who "likes" the Catholic Church, do I feel that we need a reform from within. I am convinced that the principles and policies on which the Catholic Church operates are far more truly democratic than all the plans promulgated by the Big Three, Four or Five Conferences in the past five years. Verbal attacks such as Reverend Smith's against any creed or religion quickly lead to the things that many of us gave four years of our lives in the Armed Forces to put an end to.

CAPTAIN JOHN F. CARROLL

Shanghai, China.

SIR: It is amazing to note the gross materialism exhibited by such an exponent of Protestantism as Dr. Willard Sperry in "What's Wrong With the Clergy?" Of course, it will be answered: Dr. Sperry is merely treating of the material adjuncts of religion. Buncombe, there is materialism peeping from beneath every line. There is not the slightest thing in the article to lead the reader to believe that Dr. Sperry even knows of the existence of spirituality.

Is American Protestantism gravely threatened? Who gives a hoot, if it is merely a mundane institution? History teaches us that mundane institutions come and go. Therefore, why concern ourselves to save American Protestantism, when it is plain that modern science could create an institution to fill the social vacuum, if a material institution is all that is desired or needed.

VINCE GALLAGHER

Wylie, Tex.

SIR: I appreciate deeply the work that has been done by John Roy Carlson and the value of THE AMERICAN MERCURY which I never fail to read. However, it is quite possible that some might get a wrong conception concerning the Fundamentalist movement in church circles from Mr. Carlson's article, "Hate-Mongers Among the Clergy," in your March issue.

No other group is so continually misunderstood as the Fundamentalist movement. It is true, as the article indicates, that there are Fundamentalists who are anti-Semitic, but these are in the decided minority. The vast majority of the Fundamentalists are distinctly not haters of the Jews or any other people. It is regrettable that the anti-Semitic minority is so loud-voiced. Their location in the Middle West gives them a good platform from which to be heard. But I am sure that proportionately they represent a

smaller number of anti-Semites than can be found in a number of other circles.

GEORGE THORWALDSON

Dinuba, Calif.

MEDICAL COLLEGES

SIR: I sincerely wish to applaud your courage and Americanism in printing the article, "Discrimination in Medical Schools," by Frank Kingdon in your October issue. It is a sad commentary, indeed, that such intolerance should exist at all in the greatest democracy of the world, much less in our universities. Not only is this an insult to our country, but especially so to servicemen who paid for their belief in our way of life in sweat, blood and tears. . . .

M. RAYMOND BEST, S1C, USNR

Arlington, Va.

SUGAR AND POLITICS

SIR: I have just read an article in your May issue entitled "The Sugar Shortage and Politics" by Hubert A. Kenny and I am rather surprised that you would print an article of this kind with as many fallacies as are contained therein.

On page 592 it is stated that Cuba could and would have averted the present crisis. This presumes that Cuba, with cheaper labor, could produce sugar cheaper and would give us the benefit of the lower cost, but this is not true of what happened after World War I, when Cuba held back her sugar and pyramided her stocks and ran the price up. The domestic industry was under positive control at the time and their price was fixed at eleven cents per pound, although the sales of Cuban sugar exceeded the \$30 per hundredweight figure.

The only thing that saved us from this situation was the difference in the value of our currency, and Europeans could not afford to eat their sugar at the price they could get for it in the United States; and countries that normally did not export sugar shipped it to the United States and broke our excessive market. I think that this establishes the fact that even though a country can produce a commodity cheaper is no good reason why we can depend on their doing so.

On the basis of free trade and our standard of living, it is doubtful if we could produce anything without some protection because of our higher labor costs. On page 594, there is a statement about guaranteeing the domestic producers \$13.50 per ton in 1945, but no mention of the fact is made that our government placed much higher prices on red beets and carrots and other

similar crops and to be fair, this paragraph should have made the comparison of \$13.50 per ton for sugar beets and \$20 per ton for red beets.

Unfortunately, sugar and cotton are the principal crops that have been in politics for many years but the controlling bloc is the one that creates a situation whereby an American under this control can find it more profitable to invest his money in sugar in Cuba rather than in this country.

The domestic sugar industry renders a great service to the farmers in rendering information as to proper crop rotation, and with the introduction of sugar beets into the rotation provides a seed bed of greater depths and increased yields of succeeding crops.

Before World War I, Germany had four hundred sugar beet factories in an area about the size of Texas and up to that time had excellent averages as to crop production. It is too bad that the domestic sugar beet industry in this country has been restrained to a point where we are only permitted to produce about twenty-five per cent of our requirements.

In the Philippines we inherited a liability and with Cuba we have always given her preferential treatment on the basis that she was a good customer of the United States, although the domestic industry provided greater trade benefits to our country than they did. I can see no good reason why Cuba should not diversify and the Philippine Islands do likewise and cut down to a point where they don't need so much protection in the way of the sugar market in this country and permit the domestic industry here to produce at least one-half of our requirements.

I don't believe it is fair to compare the cost based on the world's surplus market when you consider the fact that the domestic industry provides so many benefits to its community and the help it gets from our government goes to the workers and investors of our own country.

R. E. LIES

Green Bay, Wisc.

SIR: Mr. Lies' presumption that Cuba would give us the benefit of its lower cost of production is his own, not mine. The price of Cuban sugar was determined by negotiation between the Commodity Credit Corporation and Cuba. We purchased her entire export crop, and that crop would have been much larger had we given Cuba the assurance that she would not end up with a huge surplus when we reinstate our quota system.

In his third paragraph, Mr. Lies writes of

subsidy as if it were an established and permanent policy of our government. In common with too many subsidy recipients, he seems aggrieved that sugar beets were awarded less than red beets. It is to be hoped that the law of supply and demand will soon be allowed to operate without trammel and that the taxpayers — the majority — will be given the benefit of the most efficient production possible, without the penalty of ever-increasing subsidy payments.

Though the beet industry has never had a quota larger than 25 per cent of our requirements, it has only once grown that much. Under the present system, a larger quota would mean larger subsidy payments at the expense of the majority.

Where many factors combine for efficiency of production of a given product, it is only natural that that commodity is produced in abundance. Such is the case with sugar in Cuba, which competes successfully with other producers for the American market and pays a tariff in addition. If the majority in the United States is to be served, more Cuban sugar (which we do not subsidize) and less beet sugar (which we subsidize heavily) will be used in the future.

HUBERT A. KENNY

New Preston, Conn.

A GERMAN BISHOP

SIR: Even though you may well be in favor of "a hard peace" for Germany, it would seem that your writers should give more attention to historical truth. Truth should be carefully observed, even in dealing with our ex-enemies.

In "A German Bishop," by Saul K. Padover, in the March *MERCURY*, there are three significant inaccuracies, which may or may not have been intentional. On page 310, through the statement, "The people had made a mistake in not voting against Hitler in 1933," it is implied that the majority of German voters were in favor of Hitler. On the contrary, all available historical records show that not more than 45 per cent of Germans voting at any election voted for Hitler as a legal candidate. On the same page, it is said that there were no courageous martyrs among Germans who resisted Hitler. It should be pointed out that the first victims of the concentration camps were Germans. Other writers — Dorothy Thompson for example — have told us who some of those German martyrs were.

A third example of historical error found in this article is of a very common type, sometimes known as "over-simplification." Reference is made to "that eternal German imperialism that

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started five wars in three generations"; but what reputable historian would say that Germany alone was responsible for the First World War or the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 — to mention just two of those five wars?

Democracy, we believe, is strong enough to stand on its merits, and needs no bolstering by means of subterfuge and propaganda.

C. FRANKLIN EICHER

Wilson, N. G.

Sir: Many priests agree with me in feeling that Saul K. Padover's article seriously needs supplement. Quite unwittingly, I am sure, he has given a false impression of the Church in Germany.

It is quite true that the Bishop of Aachen, as he represents him here, cuts a sorry figure. But it would not be too difficult to show that Mr. Padover has not given us even a consistent picture. The trouble is that few of us know anything about the Bishop of Aachen, and since the Bishop has no chance to talk back to his interviewer, we must take Mr. Padover's psychological insights for granted.

We are therefore not concerned especially with His Excellency, but it is interesting to note that in his particular diocese the Nazis obtained only 15 per cent of the votes in November 1932, and hardly 25 per cent in March 1933 when Hitler was already in power and the average percentage of Nazi votes was 43 per cent. Interesting, too, is the fact that among those executed by the Nazis for their participation in the plot to overthrow the Nazi regime on July 20, 1944, were Monsignor Otto Mueller, Spiritual Advisor of the Catholic Workers Association, and Father Heinrich Richter, as well as prominent Catholic laymen.

More regrettable, however, is Mr. Padover's failure to mention Cardinal Faulhaber and Von Galen and other prominent, outspoken critics of Nazism who were not afraid to withstand Hitler to his face.

The generous admission of the famous Pastor Niemöller, on the Lutheran "Repentance Day" service last year, must be known to Mr. Padover: "There were only 45 Protestant pastors in Dachau Concentration Camp as opposed to 450 Catholic priests." (*Time*, December 10, 1945.)

One might more easily understand that Mr. Padover was not aware of the tribute Dr. Ziemer paid to the Catholic clergy on the rôle of the denazification of Germany: "I'm a Lutheran but I come out frankly in saying that the Catholic Church in Germany has done more to denazify Germany than has the Lutheran Church. I talked to a Bishop of Gotha and I got the impression that

the Lutheran Church is not as ready to help us as the Catholic Church is and I think that every GI will tell you the same thing." (*Town Meeting, "What Must We Do to Denazify the German People?"* January 3, 1946.)

REV. G. J. GUSTAFSON, S.S., Ph.D.
Editor, *The Priest*

Huntington, Ind.

STRIKES DURING WARTIME

SIR: In Aaron Levenstein's article, "Troubles in the CIO," in the June *MERCURY*, occurs the statement: "Under wartime conditions . . . public opinion was not favorable to the small percentage of strikes that actually occurred." Small percentage of what?

The New York *Sun* on May 10 carried a table on strikes, compiled from the records of the Department of Labor. . . . The pre-Wagner Act annual average was 1009 strikes, affecting an average of 552,086 persons, with an average of 12,672,274 man-days lost. After the Wagner Act, the average was 3398 strikes per year, with 529,755 persons affected, and a loss of 15,990,567 man-days.

Strikes in the post-Wagner Act period increased an average of 237 per cent, workers affected were up 177 per cent and man-days lost up 26 per cent. The worst unrest occurred during the years 1941 to 1945, the war years.

JOSEPH B. MILGRAM

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Milgram cites figures to prove that strikes increased after the Wagner Act. Correct! He concludes that the worst unrest occurred during the war years. Incorrect! His source is a newspaper summary of the Department of Labor's report. The text of the report, which I have before me, reveals that "slightly over a tenth of one per cent of the available working time" was lost by strikes from December 8, 1941 to August 14, 1945. I think that was a good record and helps to explain our phenomenally high war production.

AARON LEVENSTEIN

New York City.

BETRAYAL OF POLAND

SIR: Although I am not a regular reader of the *MERCURY* and not particularly well informed on the Polish situation, I want to congratulate you for printing Raymond Leslie Buell's "The Betrayal of Poland." It seems to me that in our present state of mind it is a good thing to have all points of view freely expressed. . . .

THEODORE HORNBERGER

San Antonio, Tex.



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